LAND of the LOST

NO. 9

Land of the Lost COMICS

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

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M DIS

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Land of the Lost

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Land of the Lost

THERE'S QUITE A BIT OF DISCONTENT OVER AT THE PLACE WHERE ALL THE LITTLE SEA URCHINS LIVE. UNCLE ZEKE SPONGE IS HEADED THAT WAY, READY TO HELP A LITTLE PAL OF HIS OUT OF SOME DIFFICULTY, WHEN HE MEETS RED LANTERN AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS, ISABEL AND BILLY (WHO HAVE A TIGHT GRIP ON THEIR MAGIC SEAWEED, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO BREATHE UNDER-WATER). BUT MISS SUSAN SNIPE, THE MEAN OLD MATRON, IS WAITING FOR THEM---AND WHEN THEY MEET, THERE'S GOING TO BE A BIG STORM AT... *"THE URCHINAGE!"*

WE WANT FOOD!

WE WANT FOOD!

WE WANT FOOD!

WE WANT FOOD!

ON A BY-WAY OF THE KINGDOM...

MY, IT'S NICE DOWN HERE TODAY! IT'S SO NASTY AND COLD BACK ON EARTH...

SHIVERING SARDINES, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LAND-LUBBERS STAND IT UP THERE...

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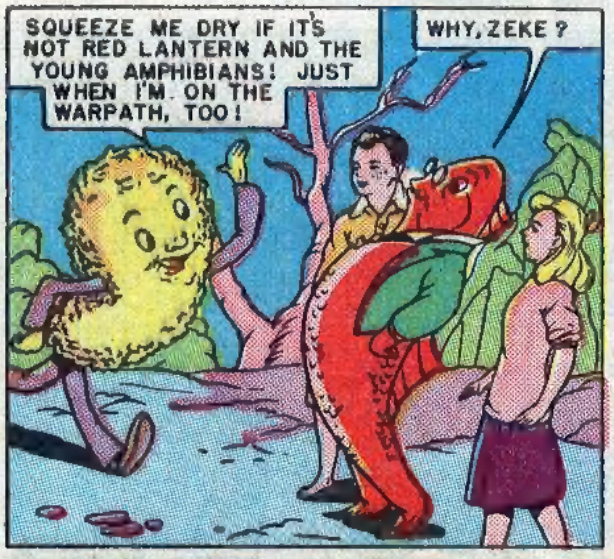
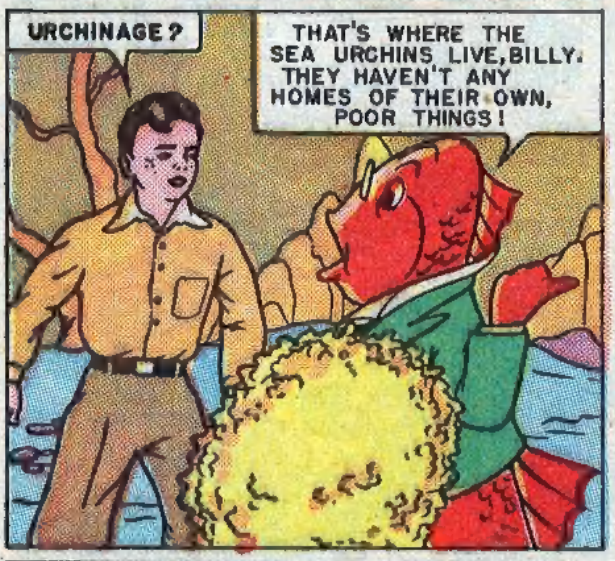
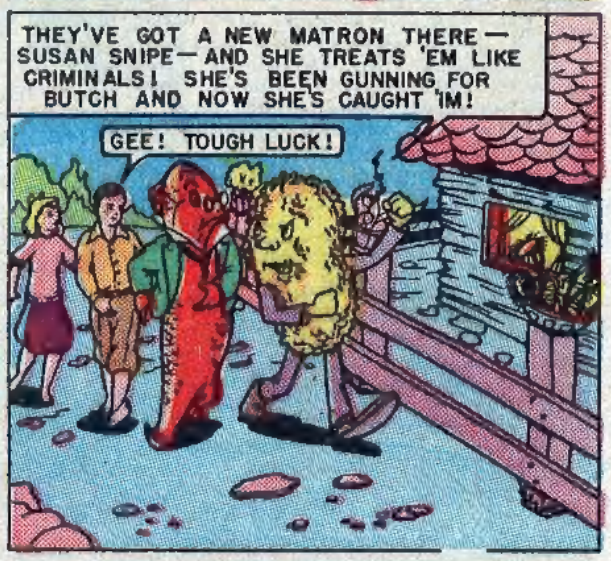
WHO IS *THAT*, RED LANTERN?

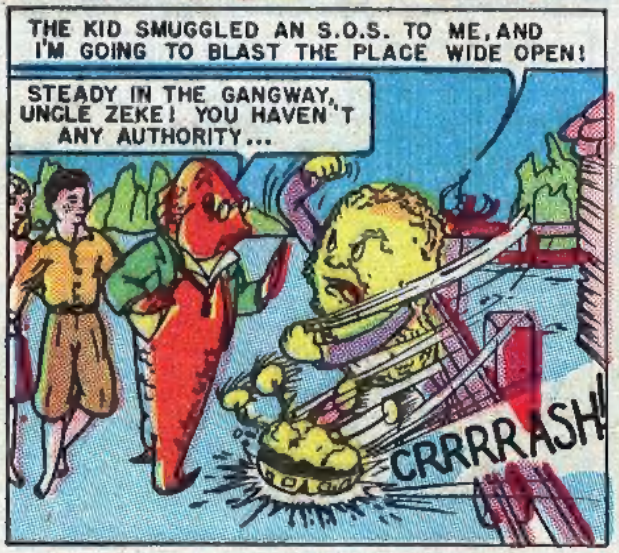
THAT'S UNCLE ZEKE SPONGE—OR I'M A PICKLED HERRING!


SQUEEZE ME DRY IF IT'S NOT RED LANTERN AND THE YOUNG AMPHIBIANS! JUST WHEN I'M ON THE WARPATH, TOO!
WHY, ZEKE?

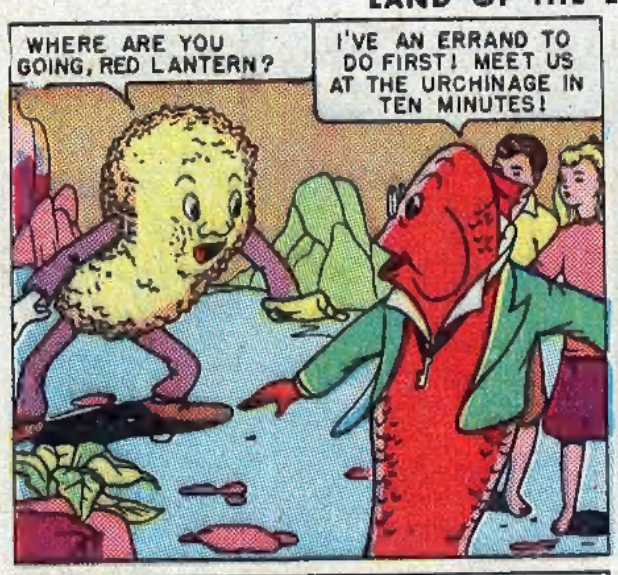
I'M MADDER THAN THE WET HEN WHO LAID AN EGGNOG—ER, EGG! A YOUNG PAL O' MINE'S BEEN MISTREATED—A LITTLE SHAVER NAMED BUTCH, OVER AT THE URCHINAGE!

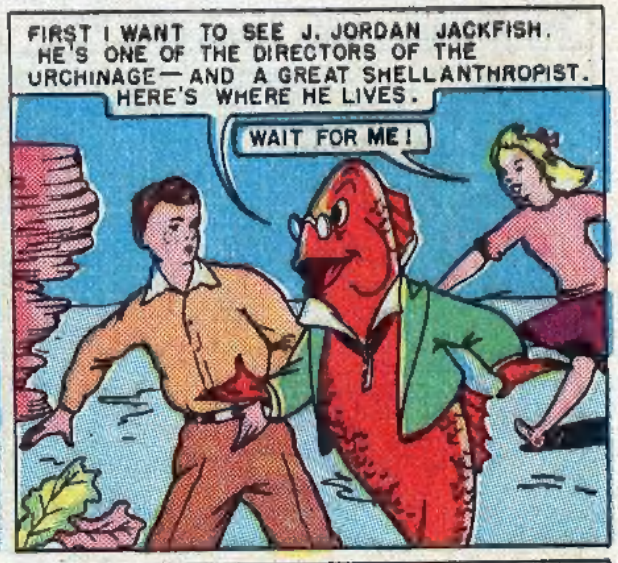

URCHINAGE?
THAT'S WHERE THE SEA URCHINS LIVE, BILLY. THEY HAVEN'T ANY HOMES OF THEIR OWN, POOR THINGS!

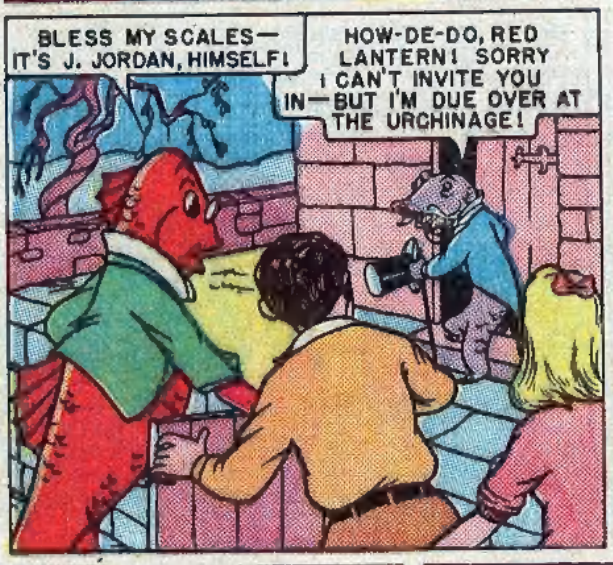

THEY'VE GOT A NEW MATRON THERE—SUSAN SNIPE—AND SHE TREATS 'EM LIKE CRIMINALS! SHE'S BEEN GUNNING FOR BUTCH AND NOW SHE'S CAUGHT 'IM!
GEE! TOUGH LUCK!

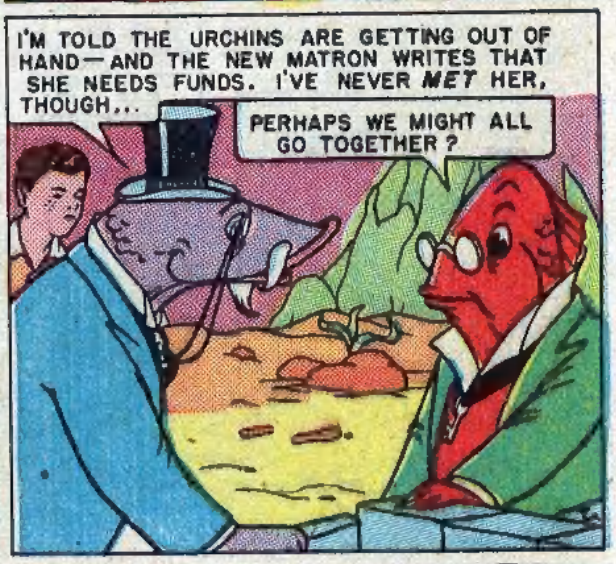

THE KID SMUGGLED AN S.O.S. TO ME, AND I'M GOING TO BLAST THE PLACE WIDE OPEN!
STEADY IN THE GANGWAY, UNCLE ZEKE! YOU HAVEN'T ANY AUTHORITY...
CRRRRASH!

BUT YOU HAVE, RED—AND THOSE LITTLE SCALAWAGS NEED HELP! HOW ABOUT IT?
VERY WELL—IF YOU'LL KEEP AN EVEN KEEL AND LET ME DO THE STEERING!
OBOY!


WHERE ARE YOU GOING, RED LANTERN?
I'VE AN ERRAND TO DO FIRST! MEET US AT THE URCHINAGE IN TEN MINUTES!

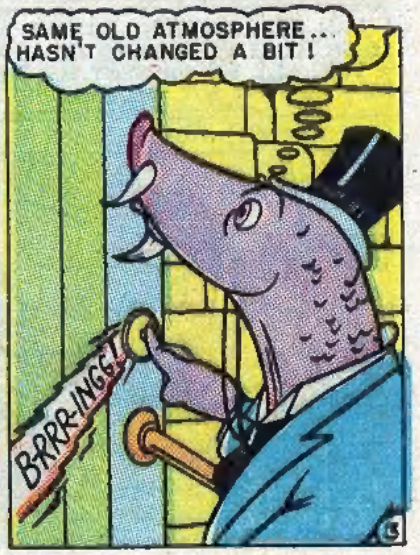

FIRST I WANT TO SEE J. JORDAN JACKFISH. HE'S ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE URCHINAGE—AND A GREAT SHELLANTHROPIST. HERE'S WHERE HE LIVES.
WAIT FOR ME!

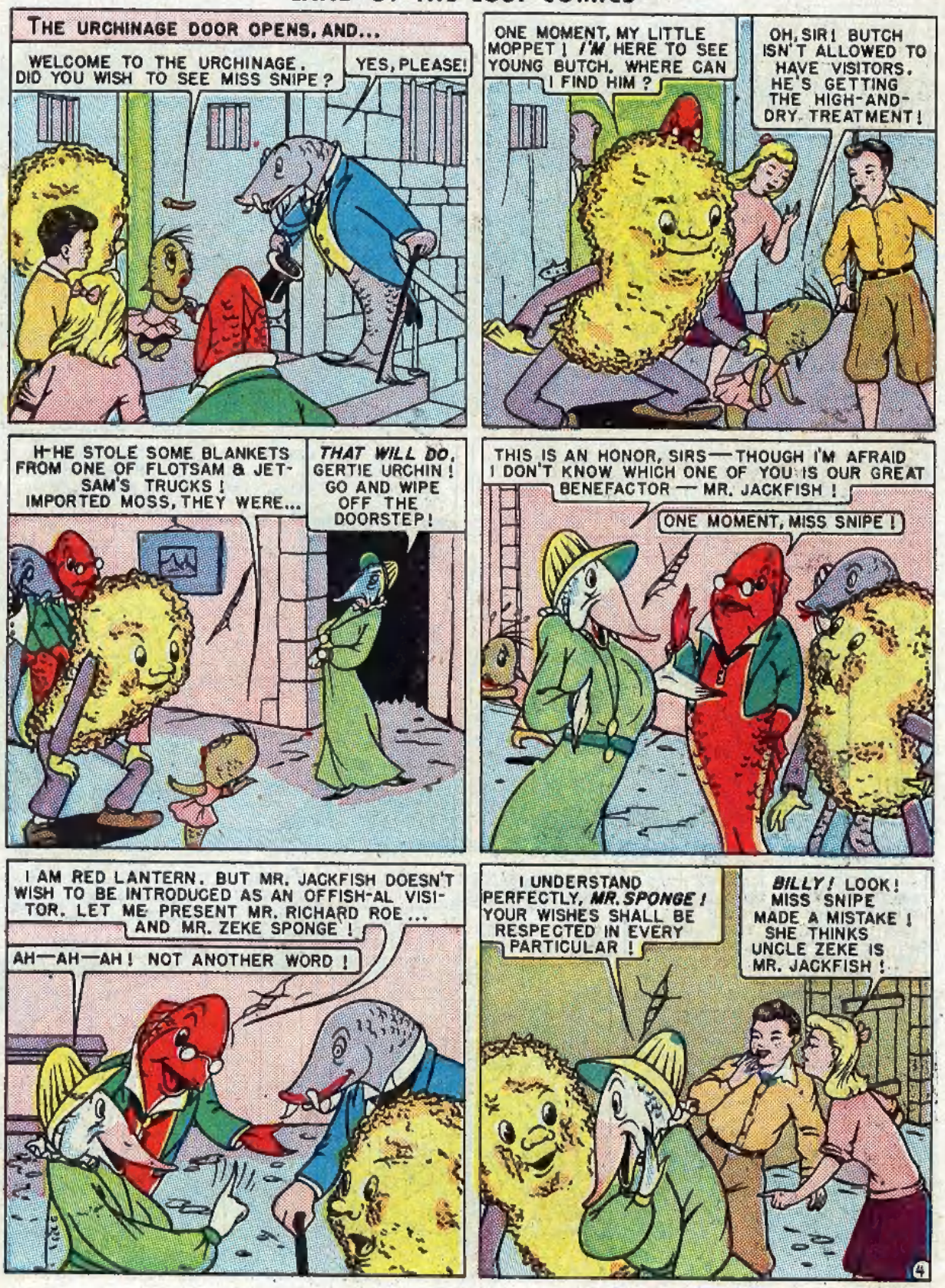

BLESS MY SCALES—IT'S J. JORDAN, HIMSELF!
HOW-DE-DO, RED LANTERN! SORRY I CAN'T INVITE YOU IN—BUT I'M DUE OVER AT THE URCHINAGE!


I'M TOLD THE URCHINS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND—AND THE NEW MATRON WRITES THAT SHE NEEDS FUNDS. I'VE NEVER *MET* HER, THOUGH...
PERHAPS WE MIGHT ALL GO TOGETHER?

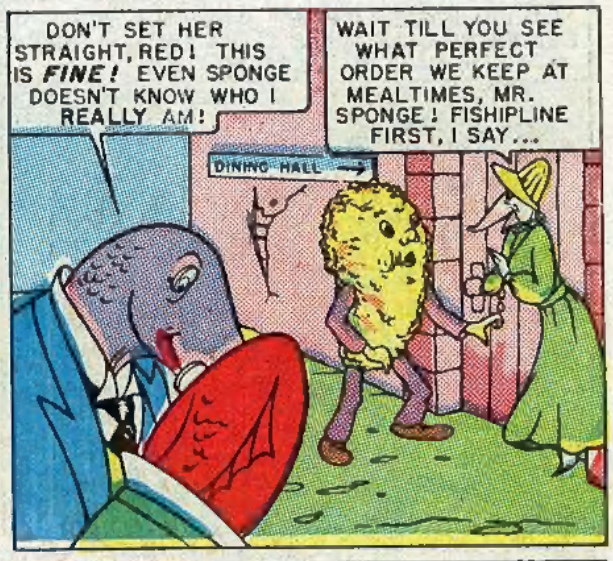
SPLENDID! BUT MAY WE—AHEM—FORGET MY NAME TEMPORARILY? I'D LIKE THE SEA URCHINS TO THINK I'M AN ORDINARY PERSON, AND WE'LL SEE THEM AS THEY REALLY ARE!
FINE! LET'S GO!

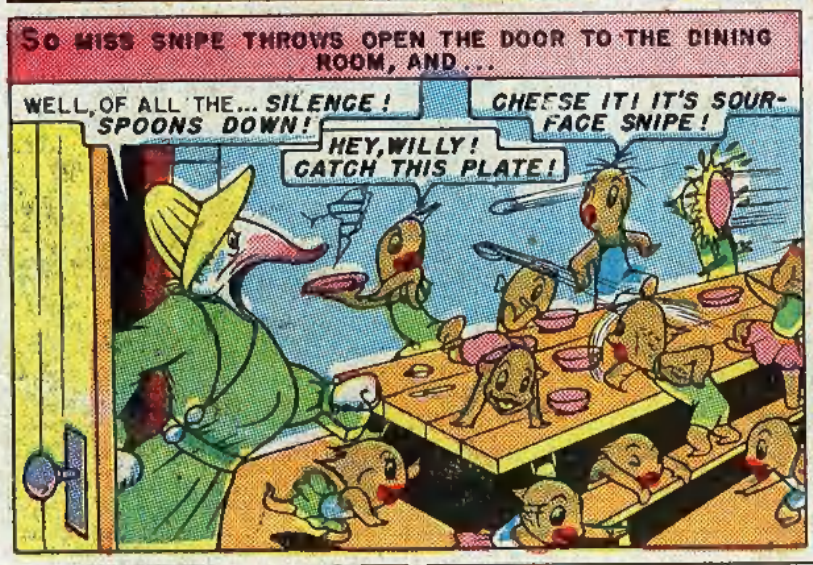
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE URCHINAGE...
WE'VE PICKED UP A LITTLE BALLAST, UNCLE ZEKE. MAY I INTRODUCE—ER—MR. RICHARD ROE?
HOWDY, HOWDY!
SHALL WE TRICKLE ON IN?


SAME OLD ATMOSPHERE... HASN'T CHANGED A BIT!
B-RRR-INGS!


THE URCHINAGE DOOR OPENS, AND...
WELCOME TO THE URCHINAGE. DID YOU WISH TO SEE MISS SNIPE?
YES, PLEASE!
ONE MOMENT, MY LITTLE MOPPET! I'M HERE TO SEE YOUNG BUTCH. WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
OH, SIR! BUTCH ISN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE VISITORS. HE'S GETTING THE HIGH-AND-DRY TREATMENT!
H-HE STOLE SOME BLANKETS FROM ONE OF FLOTSAM & JETSAM'S TRUCKS! IMPORTED MOSS, THEY WERE...
THAT WILL DO, GERTIE URCHIN! GO AND WIPE OFF THE DOORSTEP!
THIS IS AN HONOR, SIRS—THOUGH I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF YOU IS OUR GREAT BENEFACTOR — MR. JACKFISH!
ONE MOMENT, MISS SNIPE!
I AM RED LANTERN. BUT MR. JACKFISH DOESN'T WISH TO BE INTRODUCED AS AN OFFISH-AL VISITOR. LET ME PRESENT MR. RICHARD ROE... AND MR. ZEKE SPONGE!
AH—AH—AH! NOT ANOTHER WORD!
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, MR. SPONGE! YOUR WISHES SHALL BE RESPECTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR!
BILLY! LOOK! MISS SNIPE MADE A MISTAKE! SHE THINKS UNCLE ZEKE IS MR. JACKFISH!
4

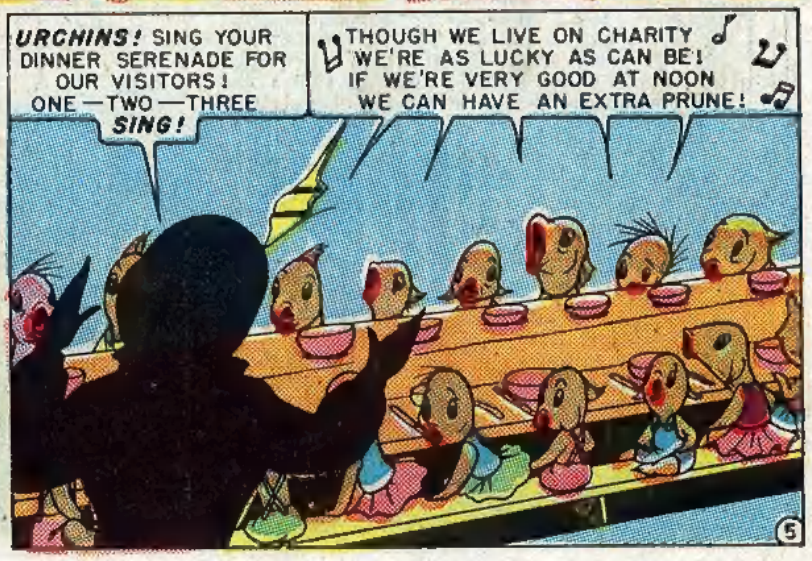
I'LL SHOW YOU THE LITTLE DEARS AT DINNER FIRST...
HO HO! YOU DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR THIS, J. JORDAN!

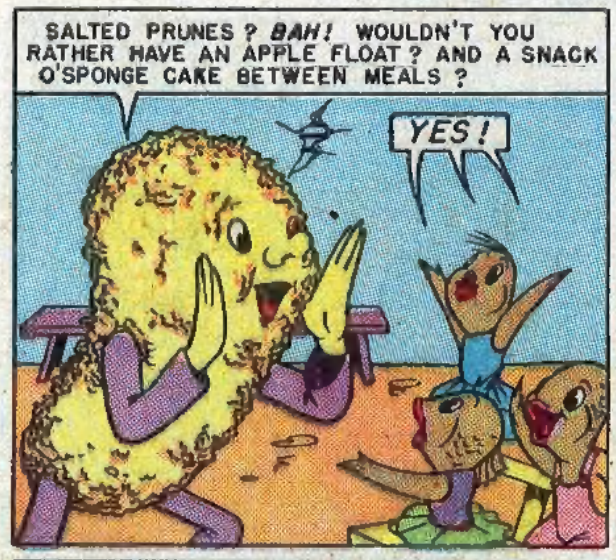

DON'T SET HER STRAIGHT, RED! THIS IS *FINE!* EVEN SPONGE DOESN'T KNOW WHO I REALLY AM!
WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT PERFECT ORDER WE KEEP AT MEALTIMES, MR. SPONGE! FISHIPLINE FIRST, I SAY...
DINING HALL


SO MISS SNIPE THROWS OPEN THE DOOR TO THE DINING ROOM, AND...
WELL, OF ALL THE... *SILENCE! SPOONS DOWN!*
HEY, WILLY! CATCH THIS PLATE!
CHEESE IT! IT'S SOUR-FACE SNIPE!

SUCH FINE NOURISHING FOOD! A LARGE BOWL OF POTASSIUM GRUEL THREE TIMES A DAY— AND SALTED PRUNES FOR DESSERT!
WHAT DID THE LITTLE MITES EAT *BEFORE* YOU TOOK THE HELM?

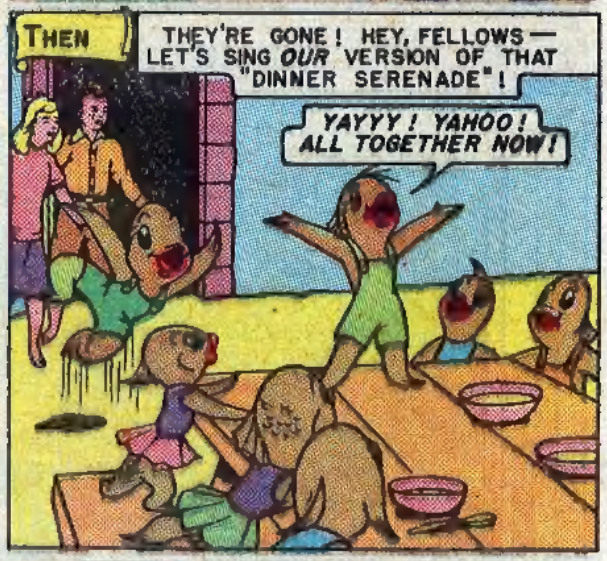
OH, *TERRIBLE* CONCOCTIONS! WHY THE OLD COOK USED TO GIVE THEM *PUDDING* ON FRIDAY! BUT I PUT A STOP TO THAT LEAK IN THE BUDGET.
HMMMM— VERY INTERESTING!
5

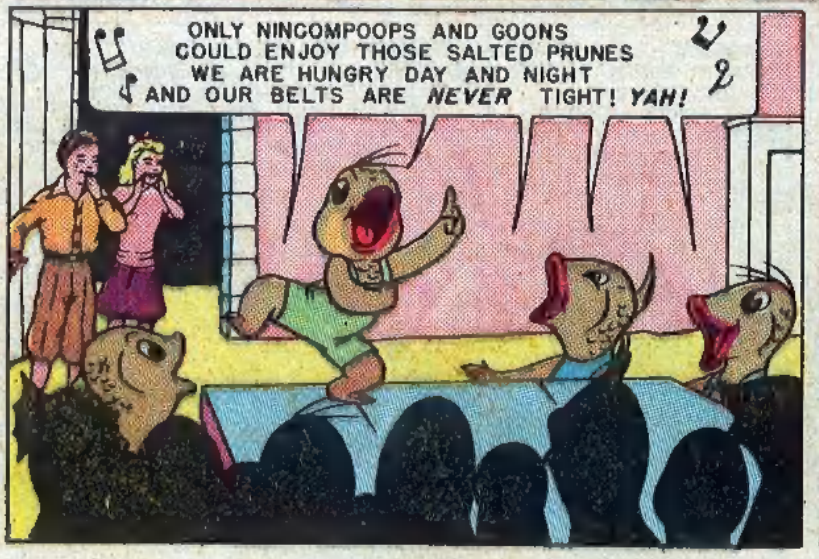

URCHINS! SING YOUR DINNER SERENADE FOR OUR VISITORS! ONE—TWO—THREE *SING!*
THOUGH WE LIVE ON CHARITY WE'RE AS LUCKY AS CAN BE! IF WE'RE VERY GOOD AT NOON WE CAN HAVE AN EXTRA PRUNE!
5

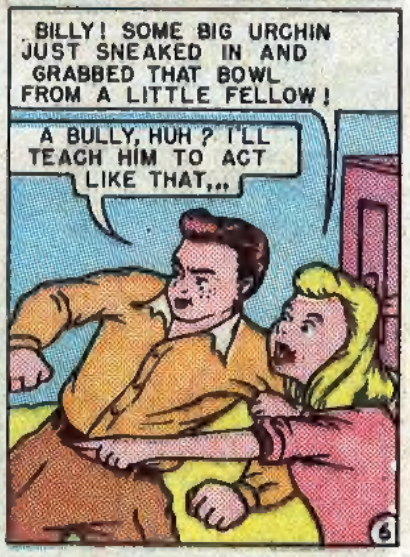

SALTED PRUNES ? BAH! WOULDN'T YOU RATHER HAVE AN APPLE FLOAT ? AND A SNACK O'SPONGE CAKE BETWEEN MEALS ?
YES!

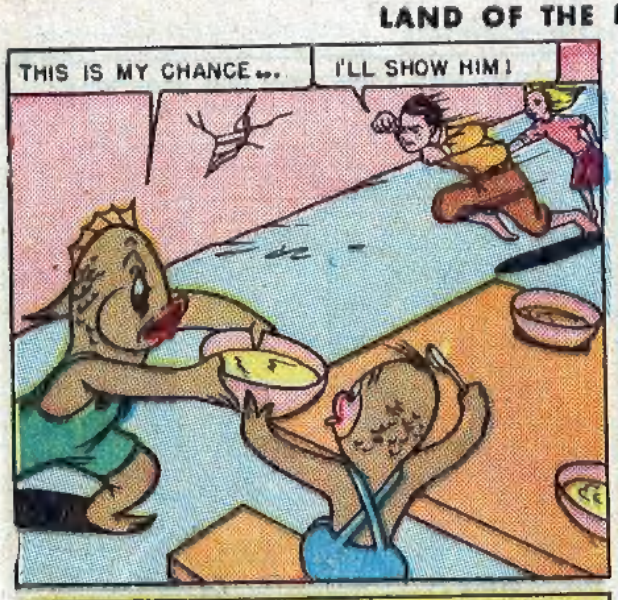
SPONGE-CAKE! WHAT A CLEVER IDEA, MR. SPONGE! YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO THE DARLINGS! BUT NOW YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THE WORK-ROOM NEXT...
LEAD THE WAY, MADAM!

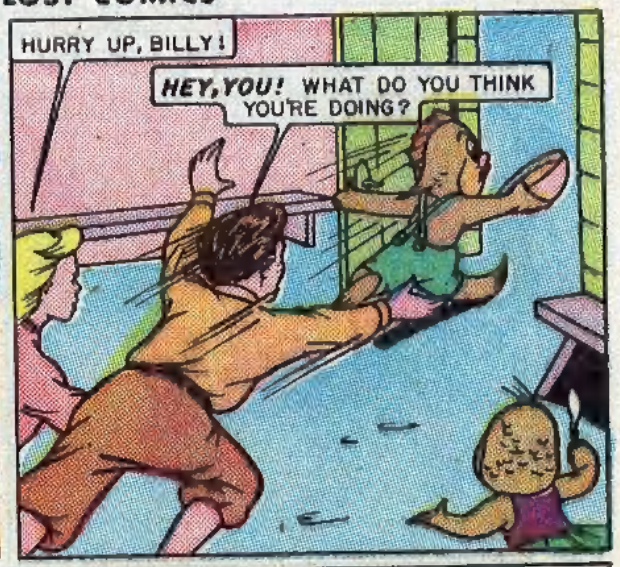
CAN'T BILLY AND I STAY HERE A WHILE ? THE URCHINS ARE SO CUTE! WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN A MINUTE !
ALL RIGHT, TADPOLES ! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG...

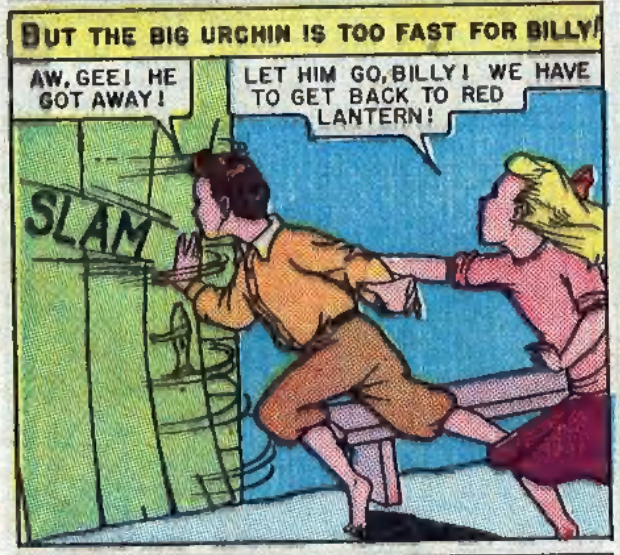

THEN
THEY'RE GONE ! HEY, FELLOWS — LET'S SING OUR VERSION OF THAT "DINNER SERENADE" !
YAYYY ! YAHOO ! ALL TOGETHER NOW!

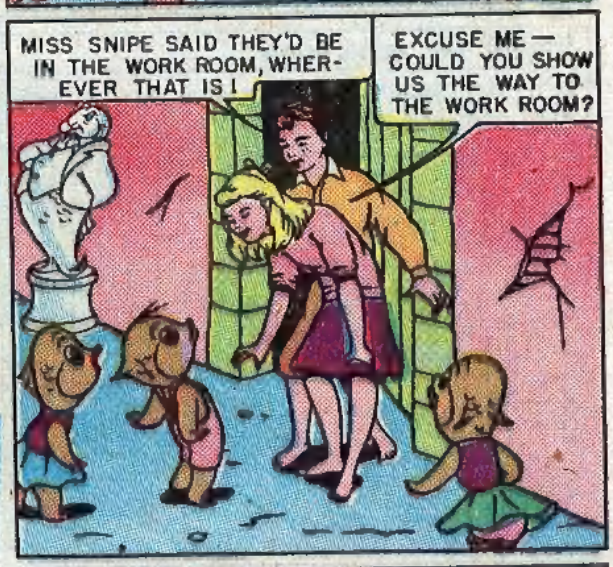

ONLY NINCOMPOOPS AND GOONS COULD ENJOY THOSE SALTED PRUNES WE ARE HUNGRY DAY AND NIGHT AND OUR BELTS ARE NEVER TIGHT! YAH!

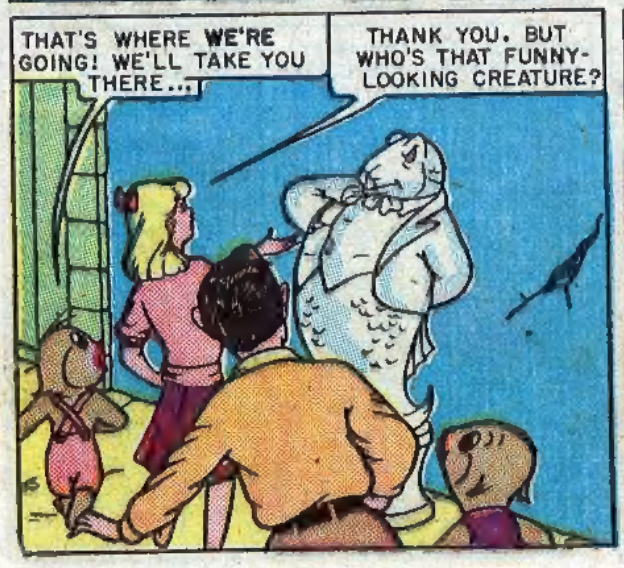

BILLY! SOME BIG URCHIN JUST SNEAKED IN AND GRABBED THAT BOWL FROM A LITTLE FELLOW!
A BULLY, HUH ? I'LL TEACH HIM TO ACT LIKE THAT...

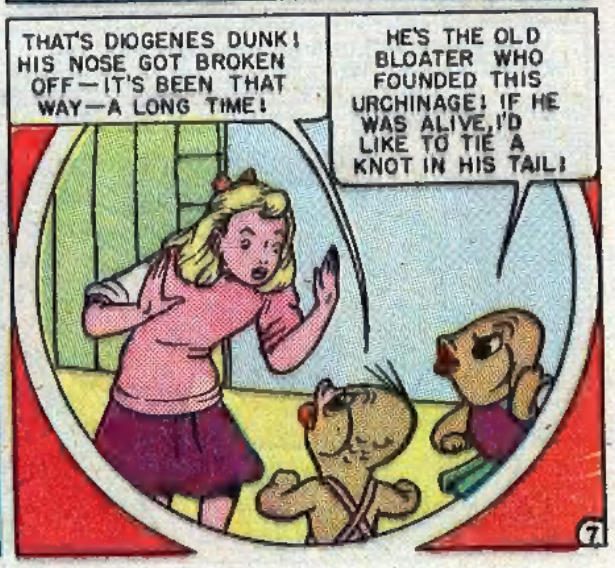

THIS IS MY CHANCE...
I'LL SHOW HIM!

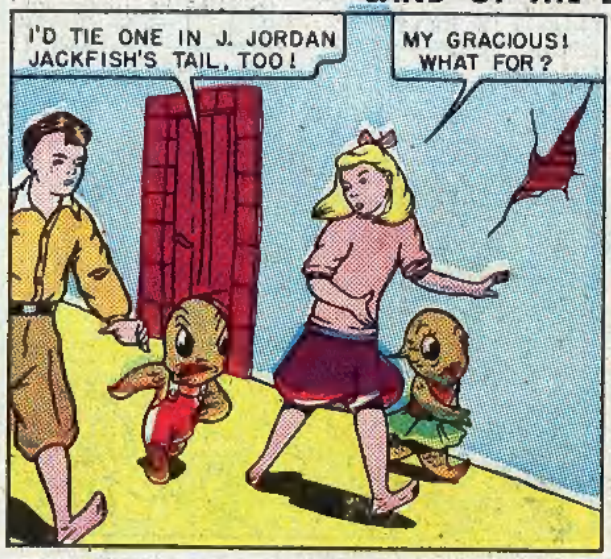

HURRY UP, BILLY!
HEY, YOU! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

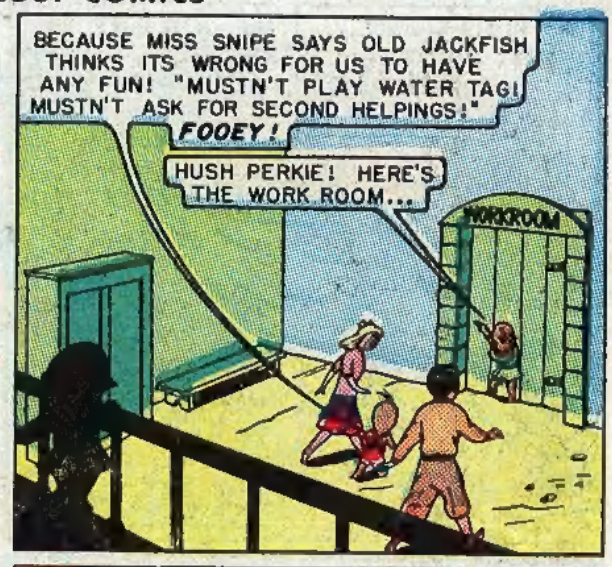

BUT THE BIG URCHIN IS TOO FAST FOR BILLY!
AW, GEE! HE GOT AWAY!
LET HIM GO, BILLY! WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO RED LANTERN!
SLAM

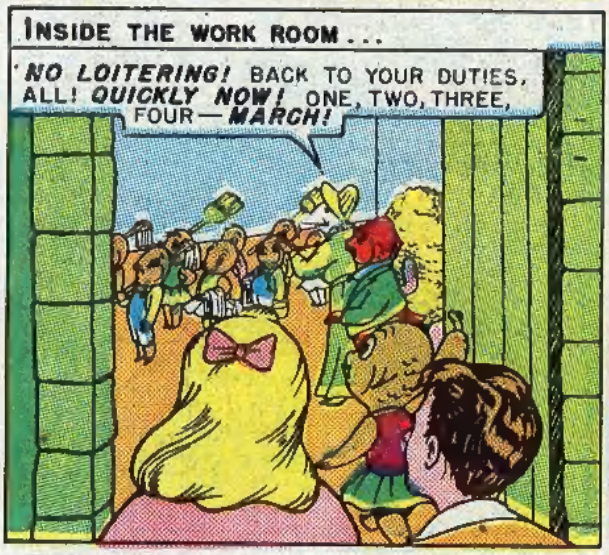

MISS SNIPE SAID THEY'D BE IN THE WORK ROOM, WHEREVER THAT IS!
EXCUSE ME — COULD YOU SHOW US THE WAY TO THE WORK ROOM?

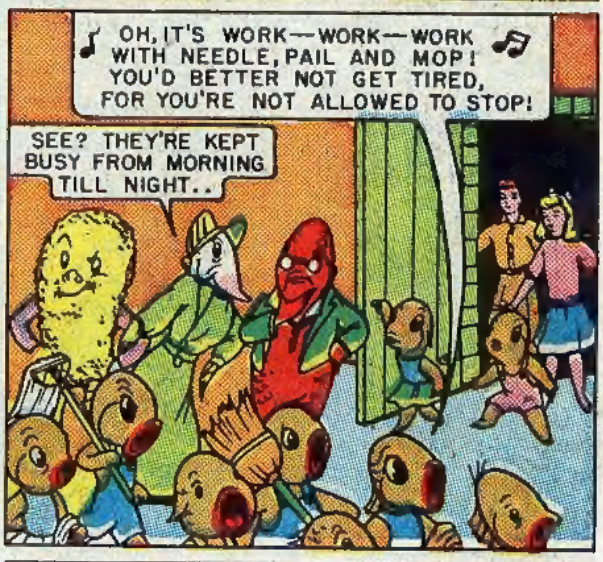

THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING! WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE...
THANK YOU. BUT WHO'S THAT FUNNY-LOOKING CREATURE?

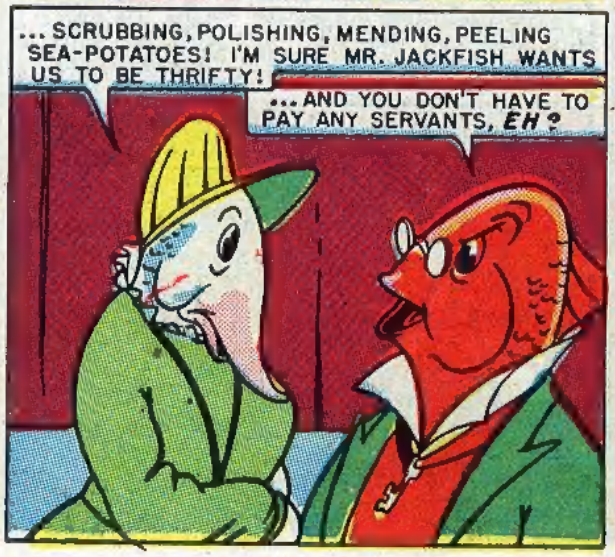

THAT'S DIOGENES DUNK! HIS NOSE GOT BROKEN OFF — IT'S BEEN THAT WAY — A LONG TIME!
HE'S THE OLD BLOATER WHO FOUNDED THIS URCHINAGE! IF HE WAS ALIVE, I'D LIKE TO TIE A KNOT IN HIS TAIL!

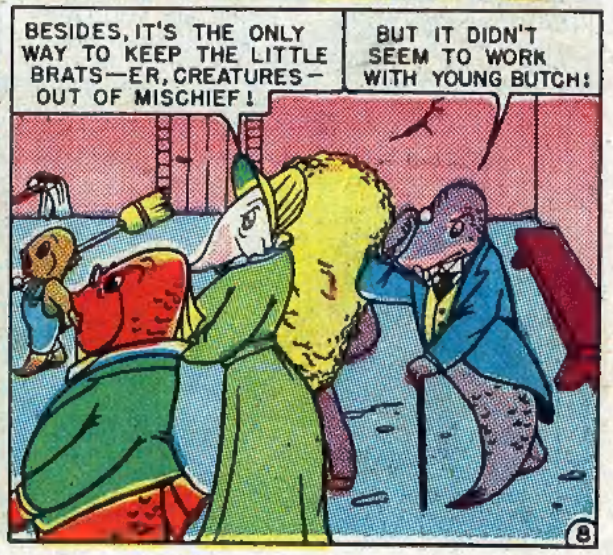

I'D TIE ONE IN J. JORDAN JACKFISH'S TAIL, TOO!
MY GRACIOUS! WHAT FOR?


BECAUSE MISS SNIPE SAYS OLD JACKFISH THINKS ITS WRONG FOR US TO HAVE ANY FUN! "MUSTN'T PLAY WATER TAG! MUSTN'T ASK FOR SECOND HELPINGS!"
FOOEY!
HUSH PERKIE! HERE'S THE WORK ROOM...
WORKROOM


INSIDE THE WORK ROOM...
NO LOITERING! BACK TO YOUR DUTIES, ALL! QUICKLY NOW! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR—MARCH!

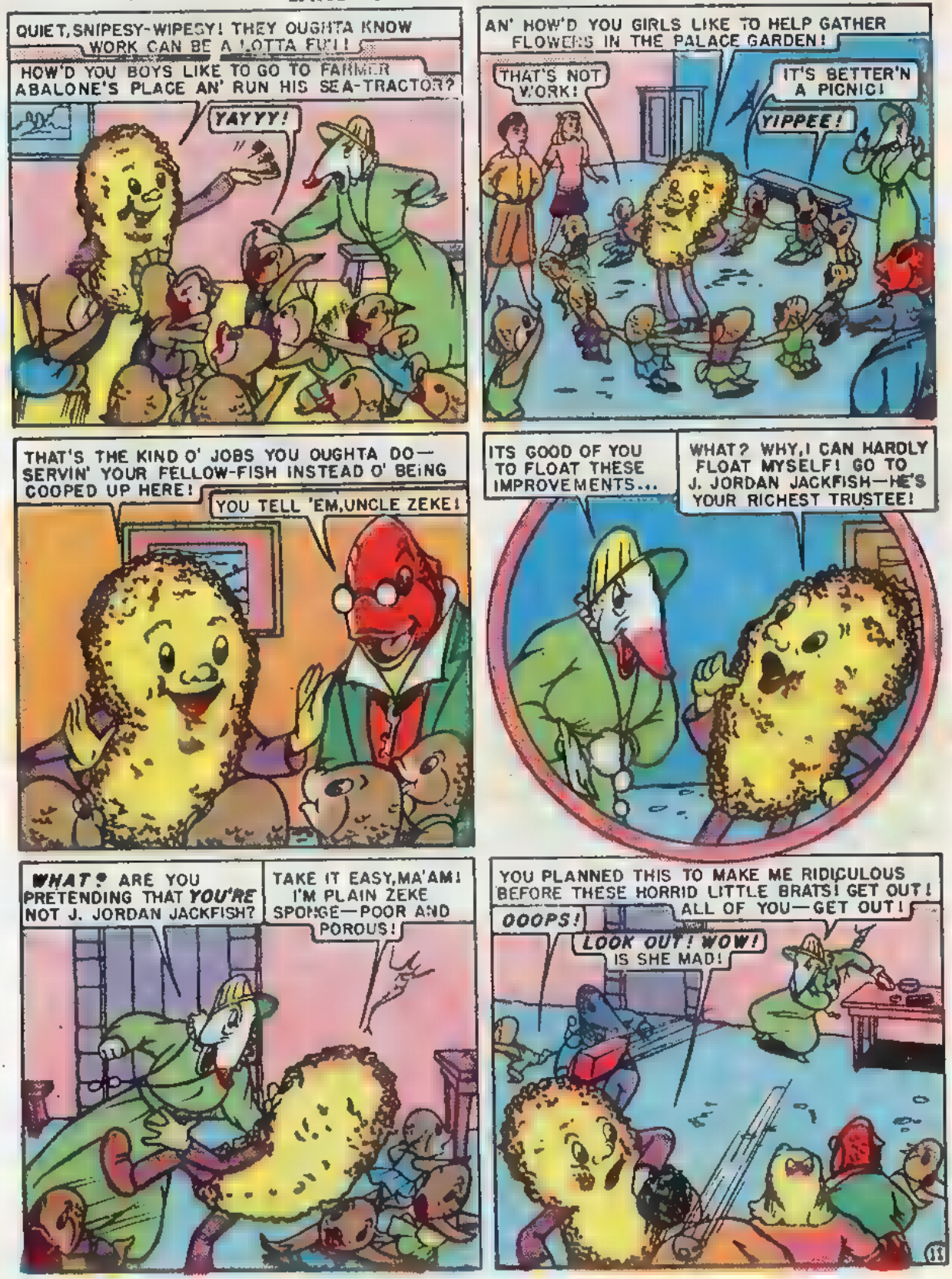

OH, IT'S WORK—WORK—WORK WITH NEEDLE, PAIL AND MOP! YOU'D BETTER NOT GET TIRED, FOR YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO STOP!
SEE? THEY'RE KEPT BUSY FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT..

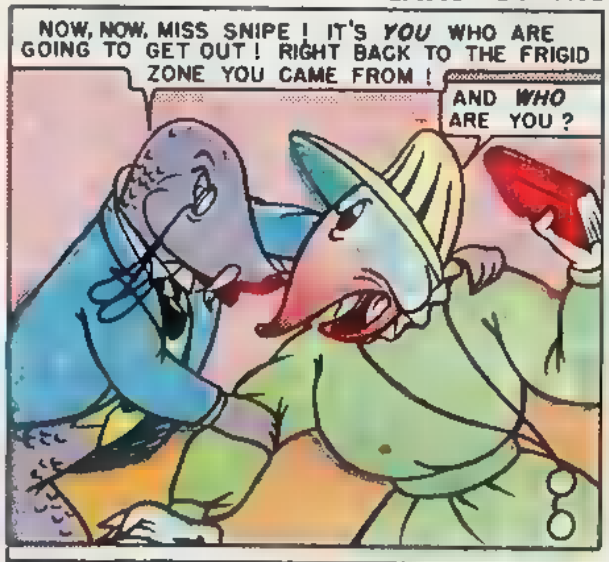

...SCRUBBING, POLISHING, MENDING, PEELING SEA-POTATOES! I'M SURE MR. JACKFISH WANTS US TO BE THRIFTY!
...AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY ANY SERVANTS, EH?

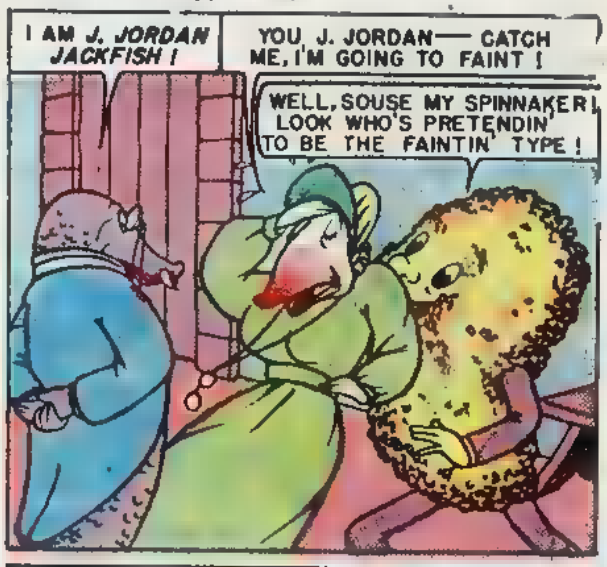

BESIDES, IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE LITTLE BRATS—ER, CREATURES—OUT OF MISCHIEF!
BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK WITH YOUNG BUTCH!

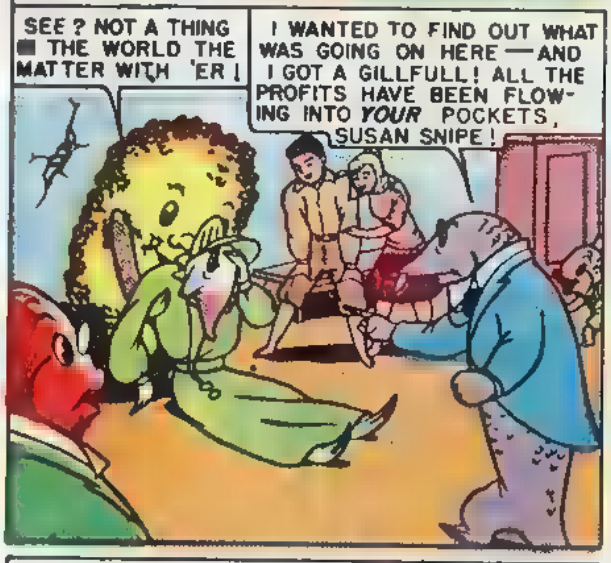
ITS NO CONCERN OF YOURS, MR. ROE! BUT I'M NOT ONE BIT SURPRISED THAT HE STOLE THOSE BLANKETS...
WELL, I AM! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE YOUNG SPROUT— SAY! HERE HE COMES NOW!
UNCLE ZEKE! UNCLE ZEKE! DON'T LET 'EM SEND ME BACK TO THAT DRY CELL! I CANT BREATHE THERE!
OOOOH—IT'S THE URCHIN WHO SNATCHED THE GRUEL!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE! MR. SPONGE WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR WICKED THIEVING...
YOU DIDN'T TAKE THE BLINKING BLANKETS, DID YOU, BUTCH?
Y—YES, SIR! I KNEW IT WAS WRONG TO STEAL, BUT IT GETS SO COLD AT NIGHT—AND THE LITTLE URCHINS DIDN'T HAVE ANY COVERS!
NO COVERS? SHOCKING!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, UNCLE ZEKE! HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE LITTLE URCHINS! BILLY AND I SAW HIM STEAL SOME GRUEL...
NO! HE DIDN'T!
BUTCH IS A FRIEND OF MINE, SEE? AN' WHEN HE TOOK MY GRUEL, HE WAS DOIN' ME A FAVOR!
WHADDYA MEAN— FAVOR!
WE DON'T GET ANY PRUNES TILL WE FINISH OUR GRUEL, AND PRUNES IS ALL I CAN EAT. BUTCH KNOWS I CAN'T SWALLOW GRUEL, SO HE DRINKS THE NASTY STUFF FOR ME!
9

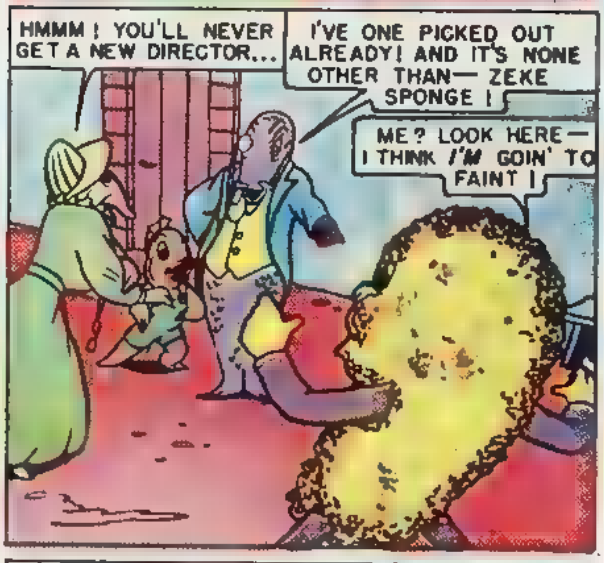
OH, I'M AWFULLY SORRY !
AND IT'S TRUE ABOUT THE BLANKETS ! US URCHINS NEARLY FROZE— AND BUTCH WAS SCARED WE'D GET DORSALITIS !
HE DIDN'T KEEP NONE OF 'EM FOR HIMSELF—HE GAVE 'EM ALL TO US SO WE COULD SLEEP !
YOU DID VERY WRONG, MY BOY— BUT SINCE YOU DIDN'T DO IT FOR YOURSELF, YOU SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE !
VERY WELL ! IF THAT'S YOUR WISH, MR. SPONGE !
I—I DO THE BEST I CAN, MR. SPONGE...
QUIET ! I'M RIGHT IN THE MOOD TO TELL YOU WHAT THESE URCHINS SHOULD HAVE ! FIRST OF ALL...
..."THEY NEED BETTER VITTLES, AND MORE OF 'EM !"
"...A DOLL OR A BALL FOR EVERY URCHIN, AND A FINE BIG SPRAY-GROUND !"
AND A HOLIDAY ONCE A MONTH !
HOORAY ! WHEEE ! 'RAY FOR UNCLE ZEKE SPONGE !
REALLY, MR. SPONGE— IT'S TOO MUCH !

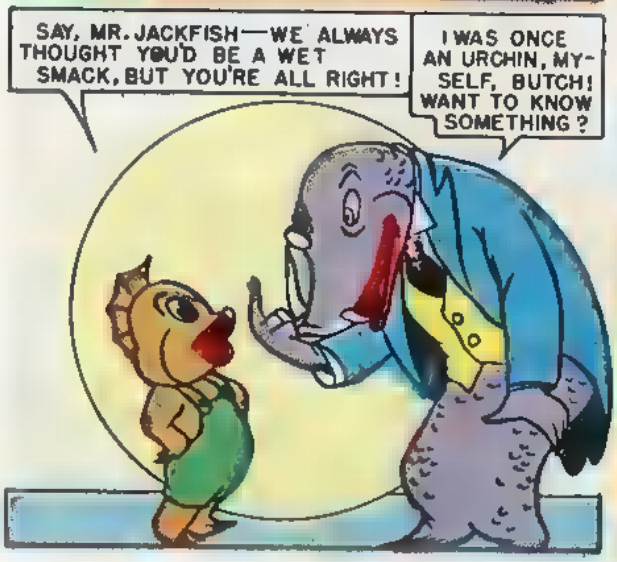

QUIET, SNIPESY-WIPESY! THEY OUGHTA KNOW WORK CAN BE A LOTTA FUN!
HOW'D YOU BOYS LIKE TO GO TO FARMER ABALONE'S PLACE AN' RUN HIS SEA-TRACTOR?
YAYYY!
AN' HOW'D YOU GIRLS LIKE TO HELP GATHER FLOWERS IN THE PALACE GARDEN!
THAT'S NOT WORK!
IT'S BETTER'N A PICNIC!
YIPPEE!
THAT'S THE KIND O' JOBS YOU OUGHTA DO— SERVIN' YOUR FELLOW-FISH INSTEAD O' BEING COOPED UP HERE!
YOU TELL 'EM, UNCLE ZEKE!
ITS GOOD OF YOU TO FLOAT THESE IMPROVEMENTS...
WHAT? WHY, I CAN HARDLY FLOAT MYSELF! GO TO J. JORDAN JACKFISH—HE'S YOUR RICHEST TRUSTEE!
WHAT? ARE YOU PRETENDING THAT YOU'RE NOT J. JORDAN JACKFISH?
TAKE IT EASY, MA'AM! I'M PLAIN ZEKE SPONGE—POOR AND POROUS!
YOU PLANNED THIS TO MAKE ME RIDICULOUS BEFORE THESE HORRID LITTLE BRATS! GET OUT! ALL OF YOU—GET OUT!
OOOPS!
LOOK OUT! WOW! IS SHE MAD!

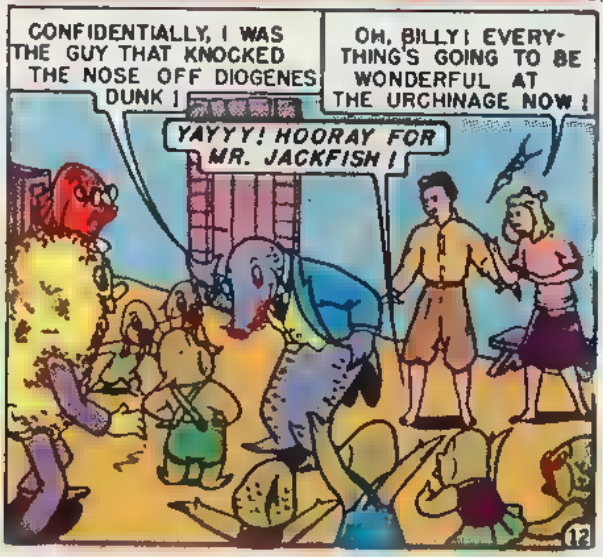

NOW, NOW, MISS SNIPE ! IT'S *YOU* WHO ARE GOING TO GET OUT ! RIGHT BACK TO THE FRIGID ZONE YOU CAME FROM !
AND *WHO* ARE YOU ?


I AM *J. JORDAN JACKFISH* !
YOU J. JORDAN— CATCH ME, I'M GOING TO FAINT !
WELL, SOUSE MY SPINNAKER ! LOOK WHO'S PRETENDIN' TO BE THE FAINTIN' TYPE !


SEE ? NOT A THING THE WORLD THE MATTER WITH 'ER !
I WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON HERE — AND I GOT A GILLFULL ! ALL THE PROFITS HAVE BEEN FLOWING INTO *YOUR* POCKETS, SUSAN SNIPE !


HMMM ! YOU'LL NEVER GET A NEW DIRECTOR...
I'VE ONE PICKED OUT ALREADY ! AND IT'S NONE OTHER THAN— ZEKE SPONGE !
ME ? LOOK HERE— I THINK *I'M* GOIN' TO FAINT !


SAY, MR. JACKFISH— WE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D BE A WET SMACK, BUT YOU'RE ALL RIGHT !
I WAS ONCE AN URCHIN, MYSELF, BUTCH ! WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING ?


CONFIDENTIALLY, I WAS THE GUY THAT KNOCKED THE NOSE OFF DIOGENES DUNK !
OH, BILLY ! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE WONDERFUL AT THE URCHINAGE NOW !
YAYYY ! HOORAY FOR MR. JACKFISH !

4 SURE-FIRE HITS!

1 FOR A LAUGH A SECOND!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

2 FOR A RIOT OF FUN!

3 FOR CRIMES THAT CHILL!

4 FOR A THRILL A MINUTE!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946

of LAND OF THE LOST COMICS published Bi-Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947

State of New York, County of New York ss

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frank D. Lee, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business manager of the LAND OF THE LOST COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher L. L. Publishing Co. Inc. 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, Ivan Klapper 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Estate of M. C. Gaines, dec'd, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Wm. M. Gaines 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

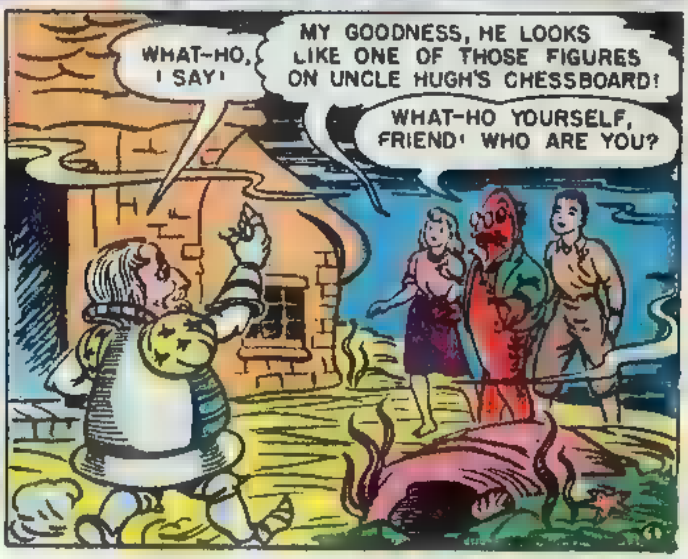
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1947

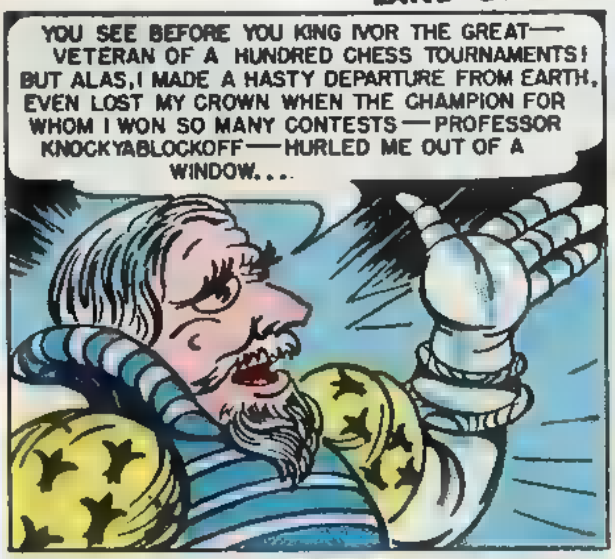
(SEAL) William E. Fernie, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1948.)

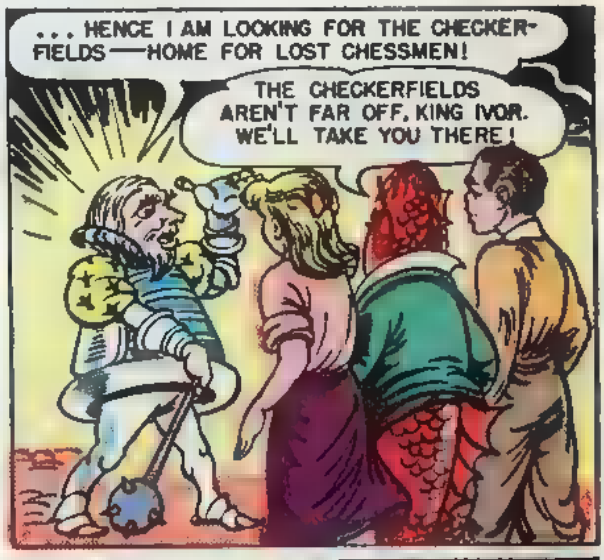
Land of the Lost

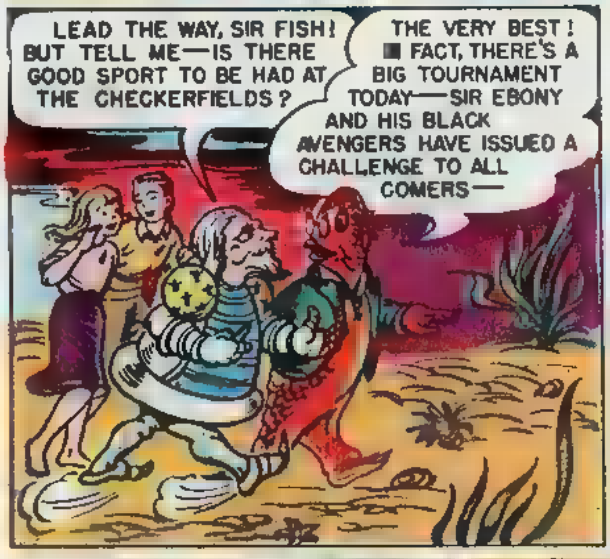
MAKE WAY FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—FOR THE CHESSMEN ARE ON THE RAMPAGE DOWN ■ THE *LAND OF THE LOST!* ISABEL AND BILLY VISIT A STRANGE NEW PLACE IN THIS UNDERSEA REALM, AND MEET A KING WHO HAS LOST HIS CROWN! BUT THE REAL EXCITEMENT BEGINS WHEN SIR EBONY AND HIS BLACK AVENGERS CHALLENGE KING IVOR AND HIS MEN TO A FIGHT TO THE DEATH, IN THE THRILLING TALE OF

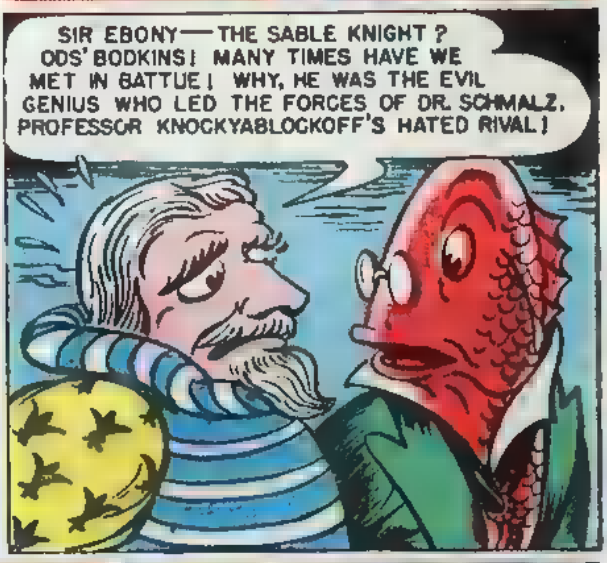
"THE BATTLE OF THE CHESSMEN!"

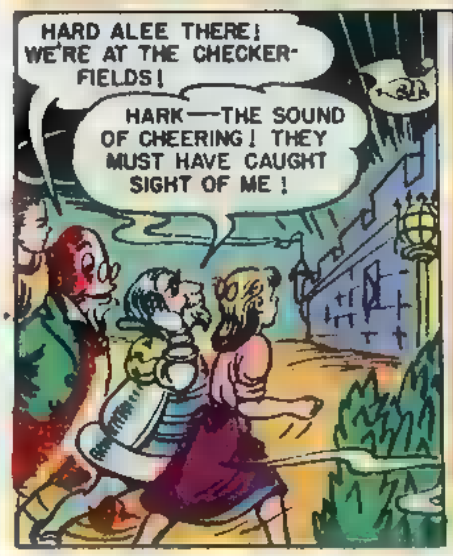


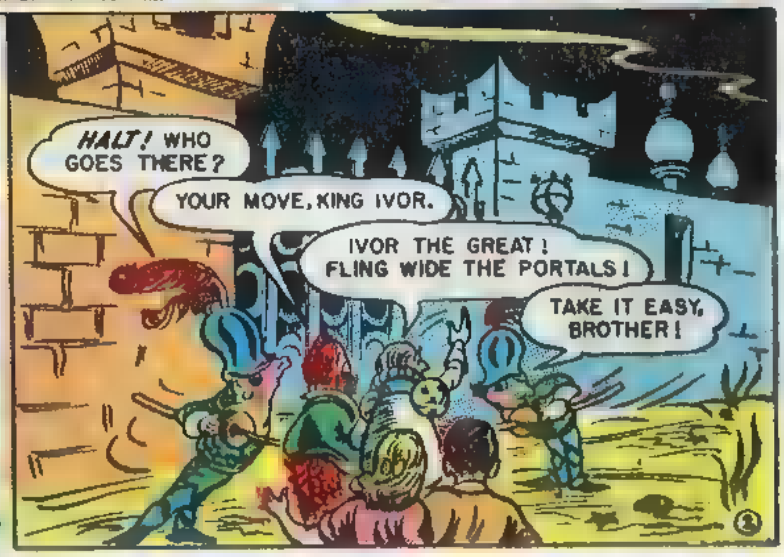

YOU SEE BEFORE YOU KING IVOR THE GREAT— VETERAN OF A HUNDRED CHESS TOURNAMENTS! BUT ALAS, I MADE A HASTY DEPARTURE FROM EARTH. EVEN LOST MY CROWN WHEN THE CHAMPION FOR WHOM I WON SO MANY CONTESTS—PROFESSOR KNOCKYABLOCKOFF—HURLED ME OUT OF A WINDOW...

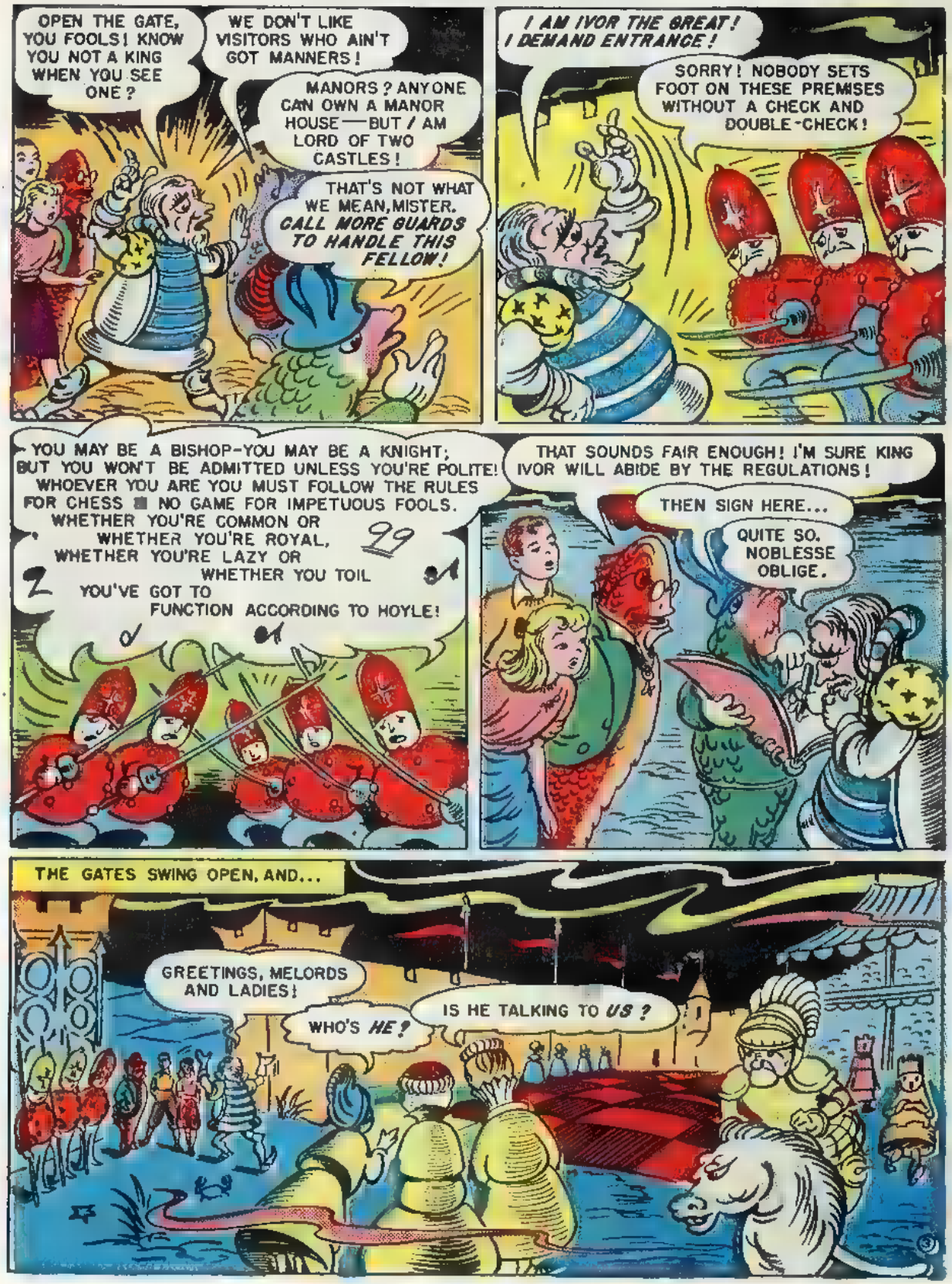

...HENCE I AM LOOKING FOR THE CHECKERFIELDS—HOME FOR LOST CHESSMEN!
THE CHECKERFIELDS AREN'T FAR OFF, KING IVOR. WE'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

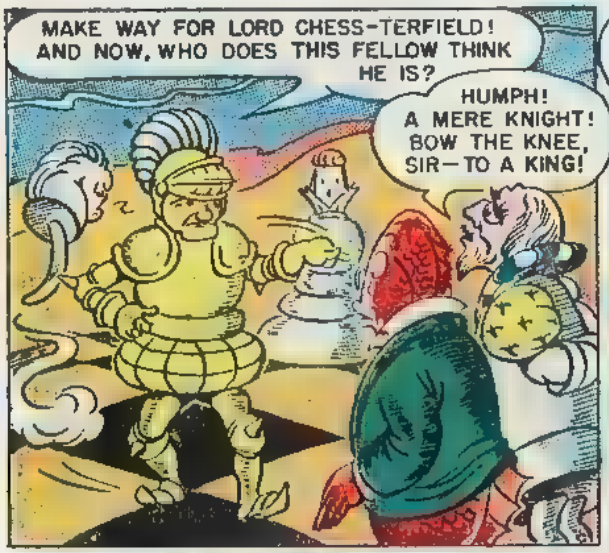

LEAD THE WAY, SIR FISH! BUT TELL ME—IS THERE GOOD SPORT TO BE HAD AT THE CHECKERFIELDS?
THE VERY BEST! IN FACT, THERE'S A BIG TOURNAMENT TODAY—SIR EBONY AND HIS BLACK AVENGERS HAVE ISSUED A CHALLENGE TO ALL COMERS—

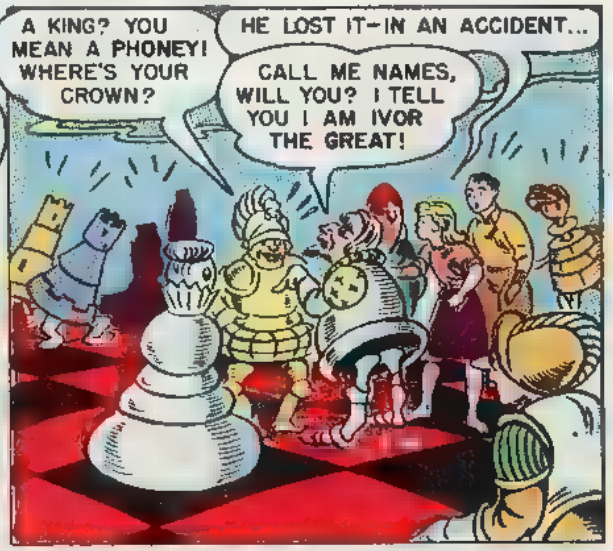

SIR EBONY—THE SABLE KNIGHT? ODS' BODKINS! MANY TIMES HAVE WE MET IN BATTLE! WHY, HE WAS THE EVIL GENIUS WHO LED THE FORCES OF DR. SCHMALZ, PROFESSOR KNOCKYABLOCKOFF'S HATED RIVAL!

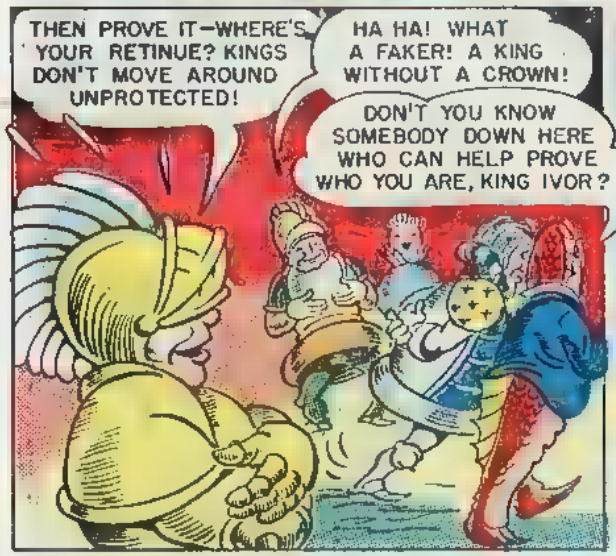

HARD ALEE THERE! WE'RE AT THE CHECKERFIELDS!
HARK—THE SOUND OF CHEERING! THEY MUST HAVE CAUGHT SIGHT OF ME!

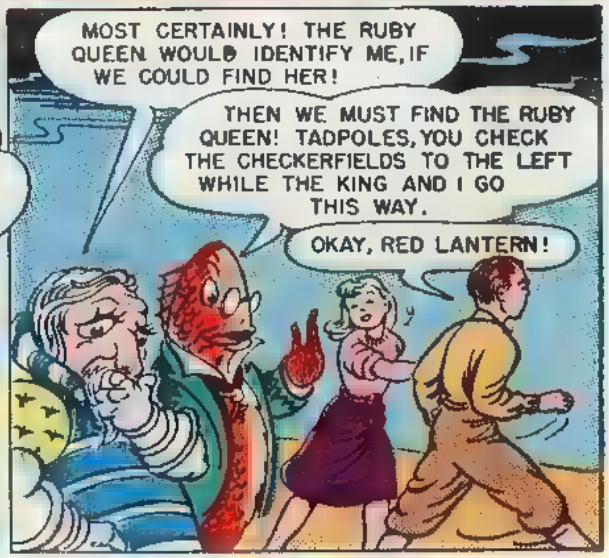

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
YOUR MOVE, KING IVOR.
IVOR THE GREAT! FLING WIDE THE PORTALS!
TAKE IT EASY, BROTHER!


OPEN THE GATE, YOU FOOLS! KNOW YOU NOT A KING WHEN YOU SEE ONE?
WE DON'T LIKE VISITORS WHO AIN'T GOT MANNERS!
MANORS? ANYONE CAN OWN A MANOR HOUSE—BUT I AM LORD OF TWO CASTLES!
THAT'S NOT WHAT WE MEAN, MISTER. CALL MORE GUARDS TO HANDLE THIS FELLOW!
I AM IVOR THE GREAT! I DEMAND ENTRANCE!
SORRY! NOBODY SETS FOOT ON THESE PREMISES WITHOUT A CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK!
YOU MAY BE A BISHOP-YOU MAY BE A KNIGHT; BUT YOU WON'T BE ADMITTED UNLESS YOU'RE POLITE! WHOEVER YOU ARE YOU MUST FOLLOW THE RULES FOR CHESS ■ NO GAME FOR IMPETUOUS FOOLS. WHETHER YOU'RE COMMON OR WHETHER YOU'RE ROYAL, WHETHER YOU'RE LAZY OR WHETHER YOU TOIL YOU'VE GOT TO FUNCTION ACCORDING TO HOYLE!
THAT SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH! I'M SURE KING IVOR WILL ABIDE BY THE REGULATIONS!
THEN SIGN HERE...
QUITE SO. NOBLESSE OBLIGE.
THE GATES SWING OPEN, AND...
GREETINGS, MELORDS AND LADIES!
WHO'S HE?
IS HE TALKING TO US?

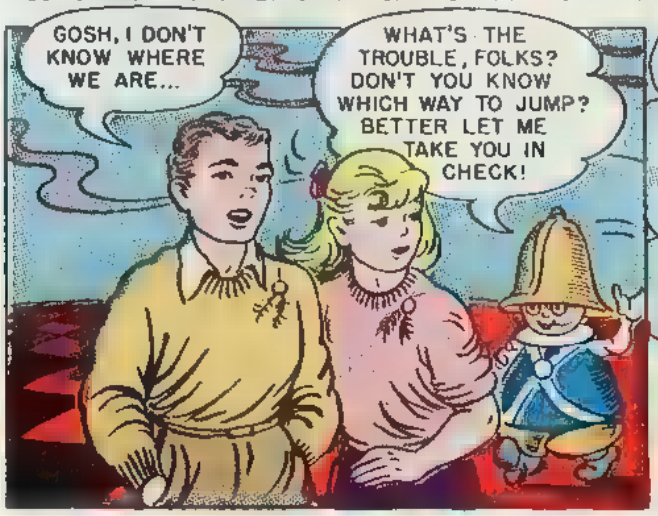


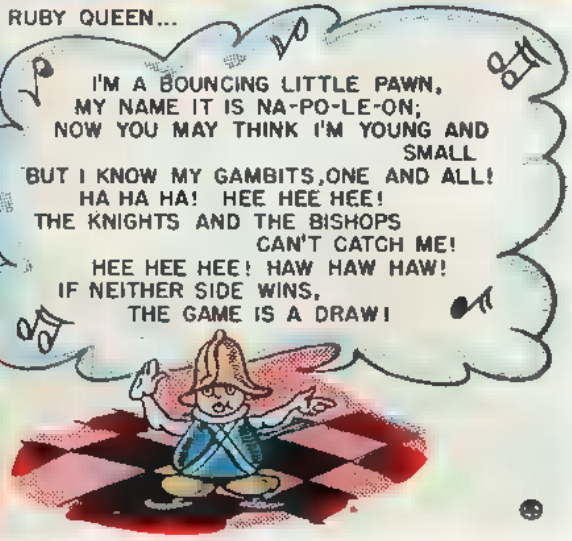




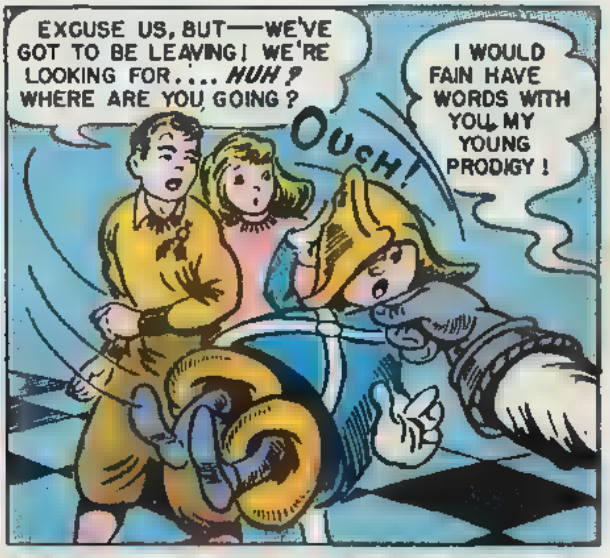


SO ISABEL AND BILLY START OFF TO LOOK FOR THE RUBY QUEEN...

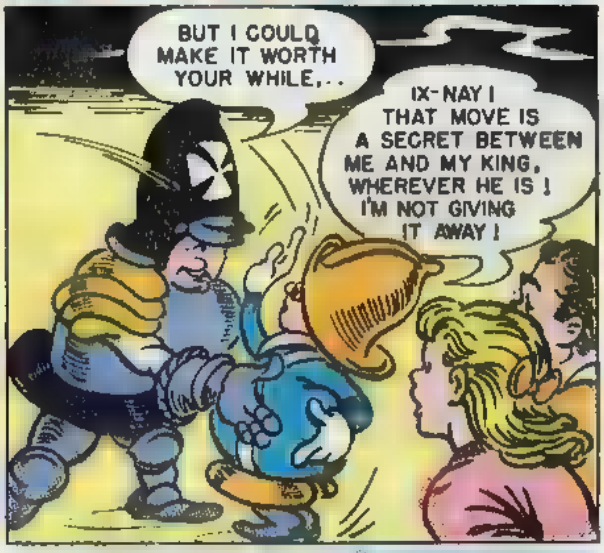


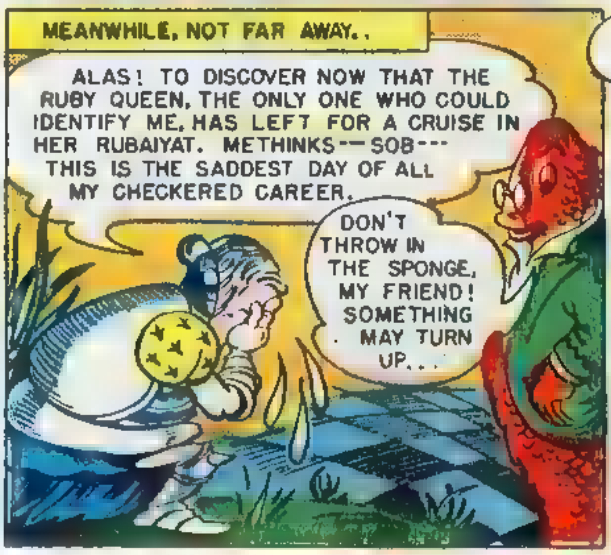


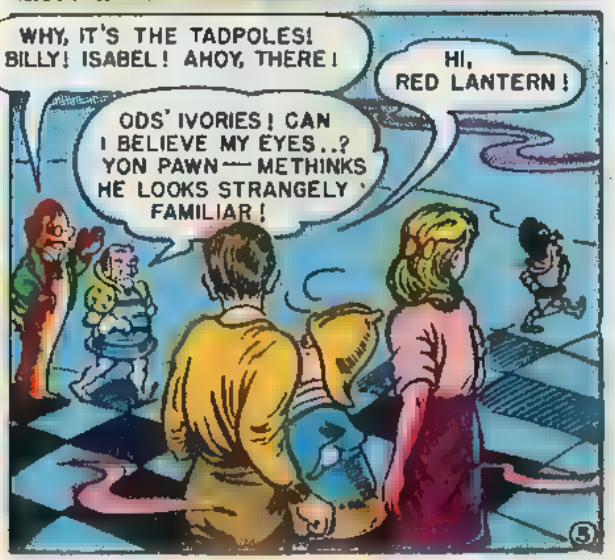
MY NAME'S NAPOLEON BECAUSE I ALWAYS GO FORWARD—NEVER BACK! I'M NOT JUST AN ORDINARY PAWN! YOU SEE—I'M THE ONLY ONE DOWN HERE WHO KNOWS THE KING'S LEAP! IT'S A SECRET PLAY THAT'LL WIN ANY CHESS GAME. IF MY KING WERE ONLY HERE, WE'D CLEAN UP!
COME ON, BILLY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE RUBY QUEEN FOR POOR KING IVOR!

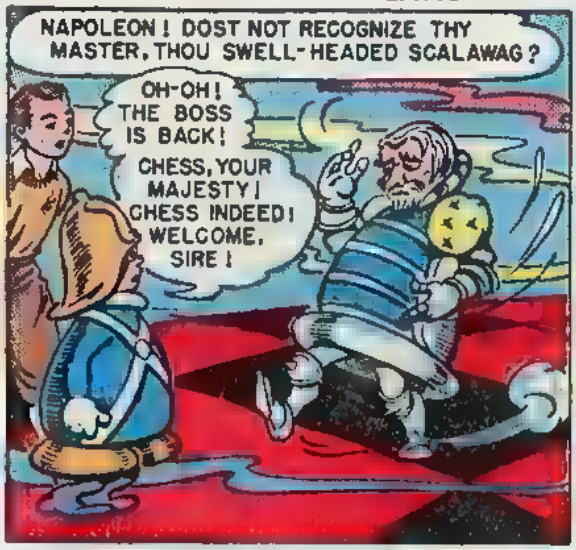

EXCUSE US, BUT—WE'VE GOT TO BE LEAVING! WE'RE LOOKING FOR.... HUH? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OUCH!
I WOULD FAIN HAVE WORDS WITH YOU, MY YOUNG PRODIGY!

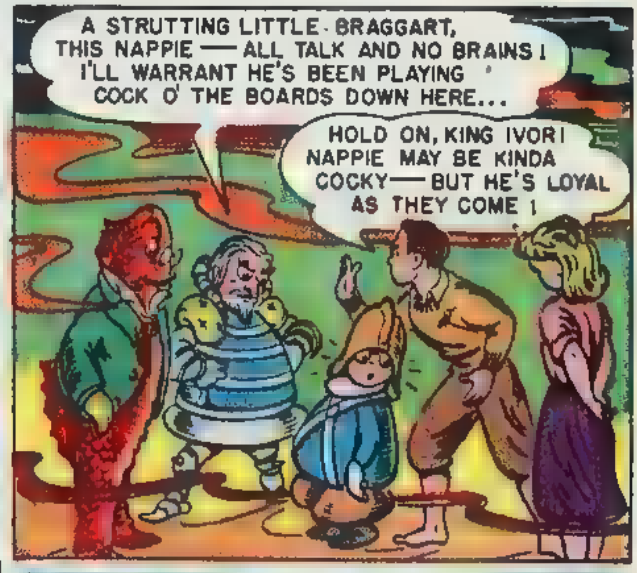
NAPPIE! HOW WOULD'ST LIKE A CHANCE TO PLAY IN TODAY'S GREAT TOURNAMENT? THE BLACK AVENGERS HAVE BEEN INVINCIBLE UP TO NOW, BUT MY QUEEN, THE MOST POWERFUL PIECE ON THE BOARD WALKED OUT ON ME THIS MORNING. ONLY YOU CAN HELP ME! YOU KNOW THE KING'S LEAP—AND WITH IT WE'D HAVE THE GAME IN THE BAG!
NOTHING DOING, SIR EBONY!

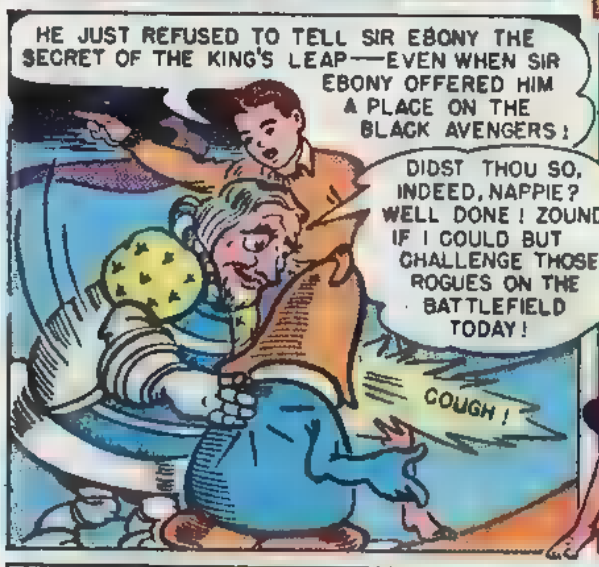

BUT I COULD MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE...
IX-NAY! THAT MOVE IS A SECRET BETWEEN ME AND MY KING, WHEREVER HE IS! I'M NOT GIVING IT AWAY!

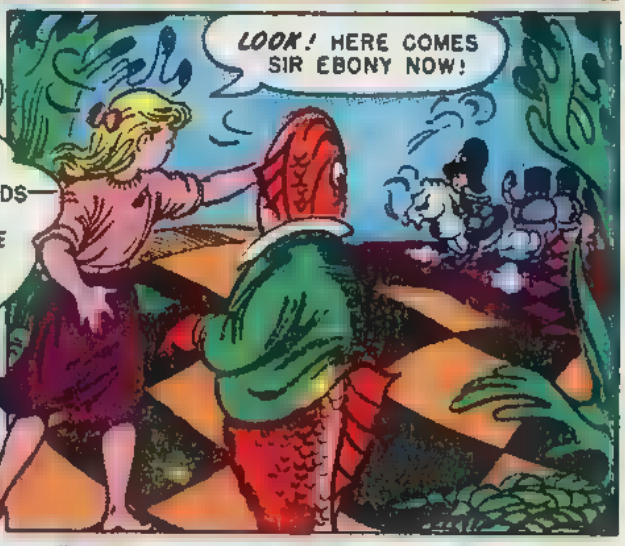

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY..
ALAS! TO DISCOVER NOW THAT THE RUBY QUEEN, THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD IDENTIFY ME, HAS LEFT FOR A CRUISE IN HER RUBAIYAT. METHINKS—SOB—THIS IS THE SADDEST DAY OF ALL MY CHECKERED CAREER.
DON'T THROW IN THE SPONGE, MY FRIEND! SOMETHING MAY TURN UP...

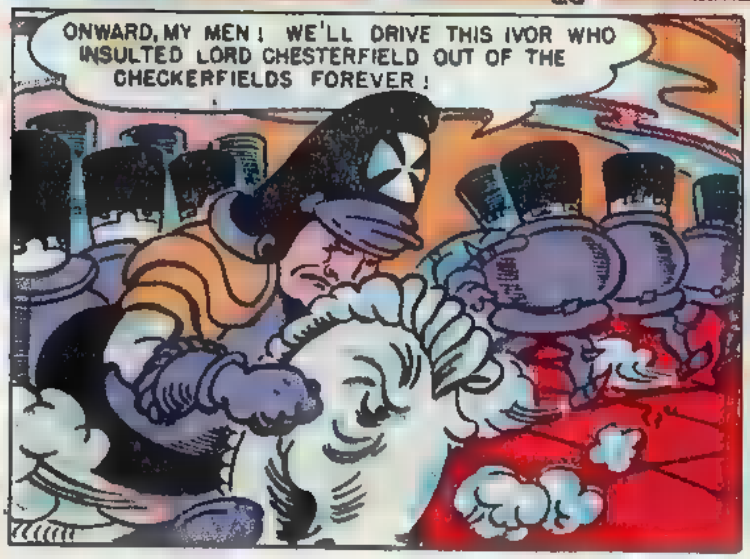

WHY, IT'S THE TADPOLES! BILLY! ISABEL! AHOY, THERE!
HI, RED LANTERN!
ODS' IVORIES! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES..? YON PAWN—METHINKS HE LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR!


NAPOLEON! DOST NOT RECOGNIZE THY MASTER, THOU SWELL-HEADED SCALAWAG?
OH-OH! THE BOSS IS BACK!
CHESS, YOUR MAJESTY! CHESS INDEED! WELCOME, SIRE!

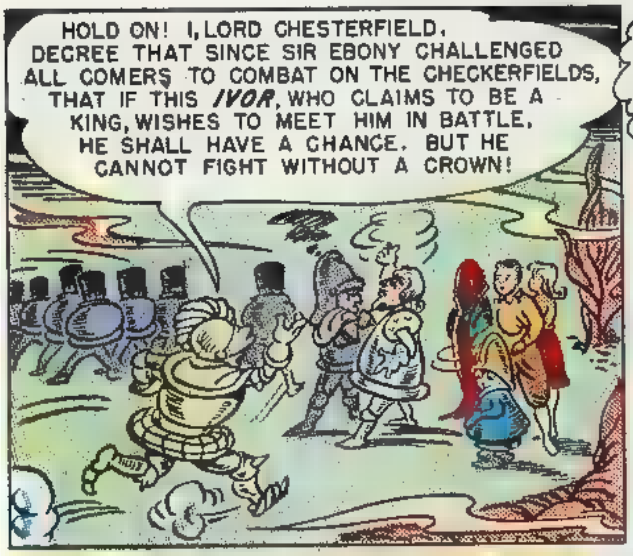

A STRUTTING LITTLE BRAGGART, THIS NAPPIE — ALL TALK AND NO BRAINS! I'LL WARRANT HE'S BEEN PLAYING COCK O' THE BOARDS DOWN HERE...
HOLD ON, KING IVOR! NAPPIE MAY BE KINDA COCKY — BUT HE'S LOYAL AS THEY COME!


HE JUST REFUSED TO TELL SIR EBONY THE SECRET OF THE KING'S LEAP — EVEN WHEN SIR EBONY OFFERED HIM A PLACE ON THE BLACK AVENGERS!
DIDST THOU SO, INDEED, NAPPIE? WELL DONE! ZOUNDS — IF I COULD BUT CHALLENGE THOSE ROGUES ON THE BATTLEFIELD TODAY!
COUGH!

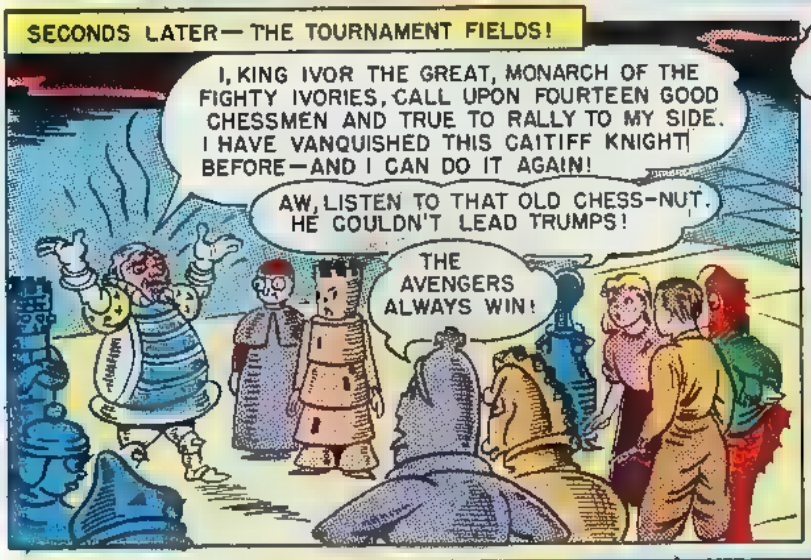

LOOK! HERE COMES SIR EBONY NOW!

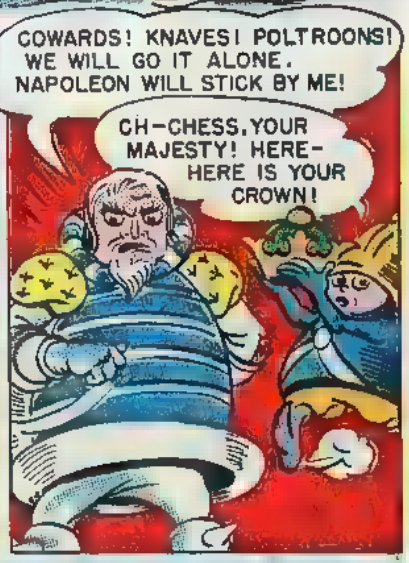

ONWARD, MY MEN! WE'LL DRIVE THIS IVOR WHO INSULTED LORD CHESTERFIELD OUT OF THE CHECKERFIELDS FOREVER!

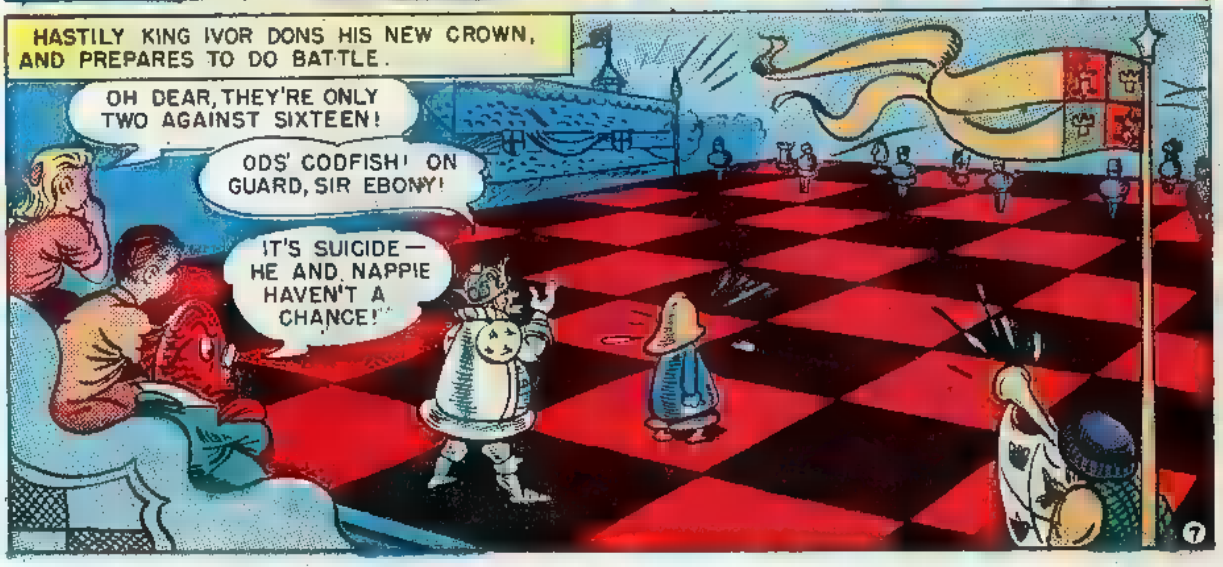
THEY'VE GOT US OUTNUMBERED EIGHT TO ONE, M'LORD! I-I THINK WE'D BETTER DEFAULT!
STAY, YOU RASCAL!

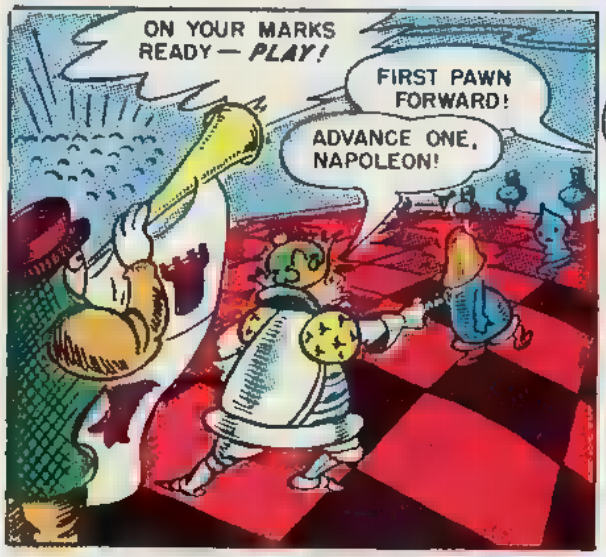

HOLD ON! I, LORD CHESTERFIELD, DECREE THAT SINCE SIR EBONY CHALLENGED ALL COMERS TO COMBAT ON THE CHECKERFIELDS, THAT IF THIS *IVOR*, WHO CLAIMS TO BE A KING, WISHES TO MEET HIM IN BATTLE, HE SHALL HAVE A CHANCE. BUT HE CANNOT FIGHT WITHOUT A CROWN!

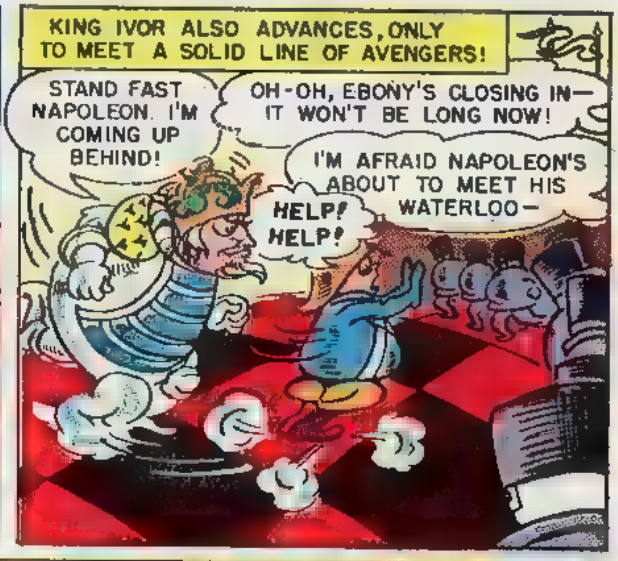
HEY, I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A CROWN—IN A PAWN SHOP—NOT FAR AWAY. I'LL GET IT, KING IVOR—AND MEET YOU AT THE TOURNAMENT-FIELD!
CAREFUL, NAPOLEON! CAREFUL, ONE FALSE MOVE AND THE GAME IS UP!

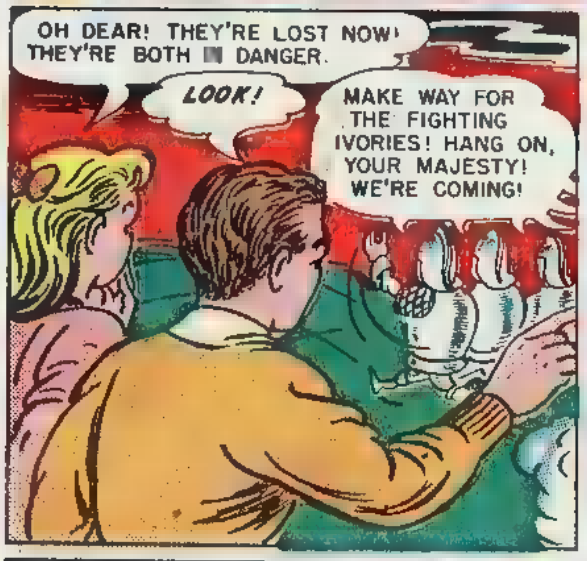

SECONDS LATER—THE TOURNAMENT FIELDS!
I, KING IVOR THE GREAT, MONARCH OF THE FIGHTY IVORIES, CALL UPON FOURTEEN GOOD CHESSMEN AND TRUE TO RALLY TO MY SIDE. I HAVE VANQUISHED THIS CAITIFF KNIGHT BEFORE—AND I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
AW, LISTEN TO THAT OLD CHESS-NUT. HE COULDN'T LEAD TRUMPS!
THE AVENGERS ALWAYS WIN!

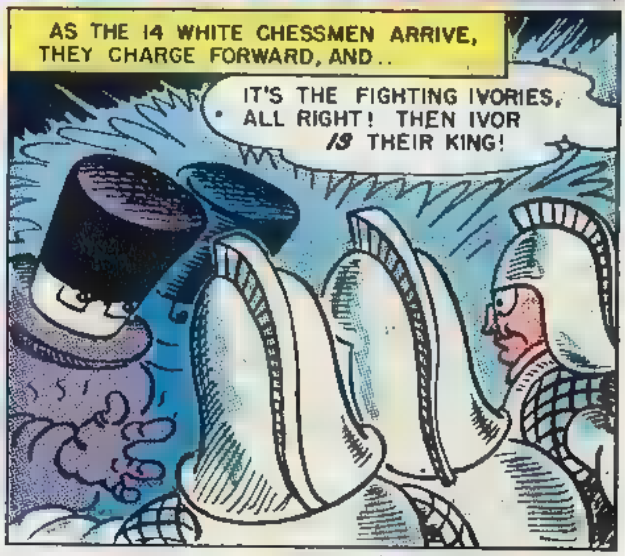

COWARDS! KNAVES! POLTROONS! WE WILL GO IT ALONE. NAPOLEON WILL STICK BY ME!
CH-CHESS, YOUR MAJESTY! HERE-HERE IS YOUR CROWN!

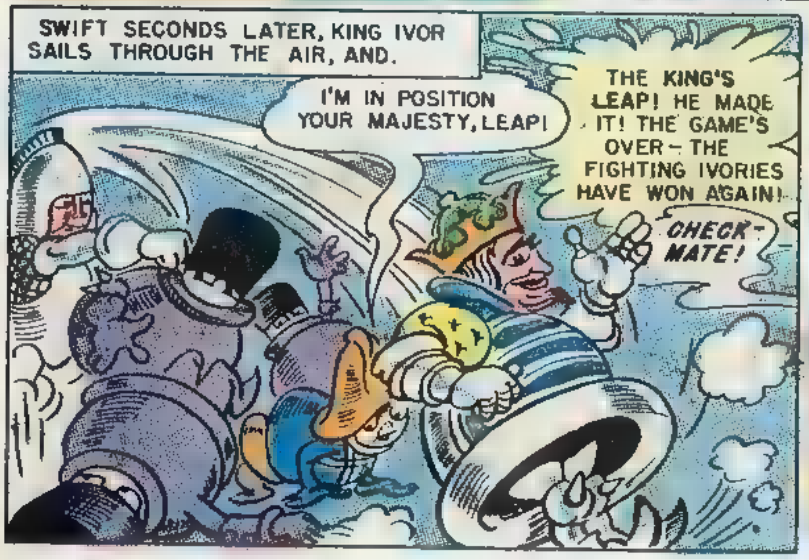

HASTILY KING IVOR DONS HIS NEW CROWN, AND PREPARES TO DO BATTLE.
OH DEAR, THEY'RE ONLY TWO AGAINST SIXTEEN!
ODS' CODFISH! ON GUARD, SIR EBONY!
IT'S SUICIDE—HE AND NAPPIE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

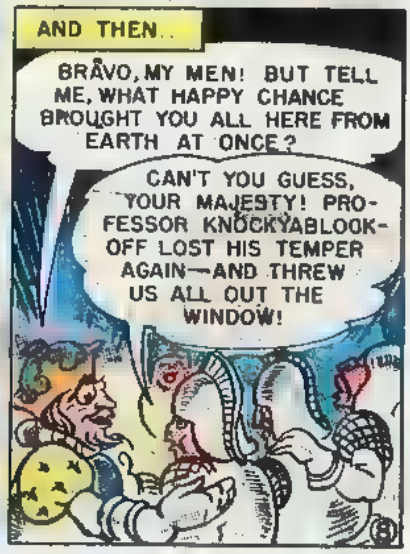

ON YOUR MARKS READY — PLAY!
FIRST PAWN FORWARD!
ADVANCE ONE, NAPOLEON!


KING IVOR ALSO ADVANCES, ONLY TO MEET A SOLID LINE OF AVENGERS!
STAND FAST NAPOLEON. I'M COMING UP BEHIND!
OH-OH, EBONY'S CLOSING IN— IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
I'M AFRAID NAPOLEON'S ABOUT TO MEET HIS WATERLOO—
HELP! HELP!


OH DEAR! THEY'RE LOST NOW! THEY'RE BOTH IN DANGER.
LOOK!
MAKE WAY FOR THE FIGHTING IVORIES! HANG ON, YOUR MAJESTY! WE'RE COMING!


AS THE 14 WHITE CHESSMEN ARRIVE, THEY CHARGE FORWARD, AND..
IT'S THE FIGHTING IVORIES, ALL RIGHT! THEN IVOR IS THEIR KING!


SWIFT SECONDS LATER, KING IVOR SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, AND.
I'M IN POSITION YOUR MAJESTY, LEAP!
THE KING'S LEAP! HE MADE IT! THE GAME'S OVER — THE FIGHTING IVORIES HAVE WON AGAIN!
CHECK-MATE!


AND THEN..
BRAVO, MY MEN! BUT TELL ME, WHAT HAPPY CHANCE BROUGHT YOU ALL HERE FROM EARTH AT ONCE?
CAN'T YOU GUESS, YOUR MAJESTY! PROFESSOR KNOCKYABLOOK-OFF LOST HIS TEMPER AGAIN—AND THREW US ALL OUT THE WINDOW!

THE STRANGE STUART CASE!

SYNOPSIS: Pete Morton, ace reporter for the Central City Gazette, is assigned to interview Mary Stuart, whose life has been threatened several times by an unknown assailant. First, a bullet was fired through the window of her automobile, and then, while Pete is interviewing the actress, her pet bird eats a cracker intended for *her* . . . and dies instantly!

Pete searches the apartment, and discovers that Mary Stuart's maid has been *murdered*. Whereupon the reporter makes another startling discovery . . . Lester Craig, the fiance of Mary Stuart's bitterest rival, Brenda Moore, was obviously in the apartment earlier in the day! Pete wonders out loud whether Mr. Craig might not have attempted to murder Mary Stuart!

"WHY THAT'S PURE BUNK!" said Mary Stuart, with a gleam in her eyes. "Lester Craig had nothing to do with it at all! He just happened to stop by for a few minutes. And he didn't go near the kitchen! Besides, why would he try to murder *me?*"

"You know why he might," Pete said. "He'd like nothing better than to have you out of the way at *Sensation Studios*, so that his girl friend Brenda Moore could be the leading light there once again! You pushed her out of a prize contract at *Sensation*. I'm quite sure that you haven't been forgiven!"

Pete leaned back in his chair, and through half-closed eyes he watched the expression on the beautiful face in front of him. If she could only act one-half as well as she looks, he thought to himself, wistfully.

"There must be a fine pot of cash in that contract you and Brenda Moore are fighting over," Pete continued, "and Lester Craig would probably get a nice grip on a tidy portion of it when he marries Brenda Moore."

"But they *COULDN'T* get married!" the actress said, her voice rising with emotion. "There's a clause in all *Sensation Studio* contracts forbidding it!"

Pete blinked his eyes. This information was entirely new to him. It seemed to change the whole situation.

Suddenly, Mary Stuart's face was drained of all color, and her eyes seemed sunken. She hadn't intended to say what she did . . . she talked too much for her own good. Why was she trying to protect Lester Craig, the fiance of her most hated rival? It didn't seem to make sense.

PETE PUT ON his hat and left the apartment. In front of the building was Mary Stuart's cream-colored convertible. And leaning against it was Tony Merrin, the handsome blond cameraman who was in love with Mary Stuart. He wasn't drunk at the moment, which was a trifle unusual. Why was he snooping around Mary Stuart's car, Pete asked himself?

He moved closer, but Merrin hadn't noticed him, for he was digging in the upholstery of Mary Stuart's roadster — where the bullet fired at her had landed several days ago!

There was a slight bulge in Merrin's coat pocket. Pete came up behind him quietly and quickly drew a gun from the pocket!

"Step back!" Pete shouted. "I'll handle this little investigation!"

Merrin frowned, but did as he was told. Pete probed into the upholstery and came up with the slug after a few seconds. He placed both the gun and the slug in his pocket.

"Who in the world are *you?*" asked Merrin. "And what do you want?"

"I'm a reporter," Pete said with a smile, "with the Central City Gazette. And I have a gun, remember? So you were looking for a slug in Mary Stuart's car . . . could it be that you were afraid the police would find it matched your gun? That's a strange way for a man to get a girl to marry him! Why'd you do it, Merrin?"

"I *didn't!*" Merrin said. "You won't believe this — but here goes anyway: My gun disappeared last week, probably while I was drunk. And then, after the attempt on Mary Stuart's life, it miraculously reappeared again! It looked as if someone was trying to frame me . . . so I decided to get the slug back and spoil their game! But you caught me — let's get it over with. I suppose the Police will be anxious to see me."

"I don't think that they're going to swallow that story," said Pete. "I'm going to turn this gun and slug over to the Police and I think you'd better have another story ready for *them*. You can take a powder now . . . I've got things to do!"

And Merrin needed no urging. He was gone in a moment. Pete stood there thoughtfully. Merrin was supposed to be an excellent photographer, but he was drunk so often that jobs were becoming hard for him to get. He and Mary Stuart had met on the set of her first picture and Merrin had fallen in love with her instantly. He had proposed to her a dozen times since then, and her answer was always *NO*.

Merrin's story that his gun had been stolen would hold little weight with a jury, Pete thought. What was a guy like Merrin doing wit'. a gun, anyway?

A FEW MINUTES LATER, Pete stood at the desk of the Waldorf Hotel, and asked for Lester Craig. The clerk was very polite. He said that Mr. Craig was not in to reporters.

Pete leaned across the desk, and said in a very confidential tone:

"Just tell him that I have a message from Miss *Mary Stuart*."

The clerk blinked. "You may go up right away!" he said, after calling Craig on the house telephone.

Pete raced up the steps, ignoring the slow-moving elevator. That little tale about a message from Mary Stuart had certainly worked, Pete thought, with a big grin on his face.

When the door to the apartment opened Pete found himself facing an extremely handsome man. This guy is good-looking and knows it, Pete reflected, as Craig regarded the reporter with his cool, steel-grey eyes. Pete put his hand into his pocket and drew out something wrapped in a handkerchief.

"This *yours?*" he asked, uncovering a cigarette case with the initials *LC* engraved on the side.

"W-why, yes," the handsome actor gulped, reaching out for it. "I'll give you a reward for—"

"Tsk, tsk!" chided Pete, slipping the case back into his pocket. "This is evidence, Mr. Craig! Evidence that may send you to the electric chair" — Pete's voice was steely-hard now — "for the murder of Mary Stuart's maid!"

Craig gulped and turned white as a sheet of blank paper.

"Y-you're c-crazy—" he stammered.

"I can prove that you were in Miss Stuart's apartment this afternoon," Pete said. "The doorman and the elevator operator will both testify that you were."

Craig began to shake like a leaf.

"You tried to get Mary Stuart out of the way," Pete continued, "so that your girl friend, Brenda Moore, could get that *Sensation Studios* contract!"

Craig wet his lips. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why should I try to kill Mary Stuart? She's my *wife!*"

Pete whistled in surprise. "I should have known something was up between you two . . . the way she jumped to your defense!"

"You'll never live to tell about it!" a harsh feminine voice said. Pete whirled and found himself facing an ugly blue-steel .38, held by Mary Stuart. She'd been waiting in the next room, and must have come in a few moments after Pete arrived.

"It all begins to make sense," said Pete, lifting his hands above his head. "According to your contract with *Sensation Studios* you're not supposed to marry. But you and Lester Craig married secretly. And his romance with Brenda Moore was nothing but a publicity stunt. Your maid found out about your marriage and was blackmailing you. And then you got tired paying and decided to kill her!"

"You were clever," Pete continued staring into Mary Stuart's eyes. You almost succeeded in making it look like an attempt on *your* life! You stole Merrin's gun and fired into your own car — then reported to the Police that someone had tried to kill you! You returned Merrin's gun, planning to frame *him*. Then you poisoned that pet bird of yours while I was speaking to you, making it look as if another attempt had been made on your life! Your maid was murdered before I got to your apartment — and it was made to look incidental to the killer's real motive — *your murder!*"

"Is that all you have to say?" rasped Mary Stuart. The gun was steady in her hand.

"No," said Pete, grinning, "but *this* is! Come on in, boys!"

Mary Stuart and Lester Craig turned pale as the door crashed in behind them. Mary Stuart dropped the gun to the floor as she and her handsome husband raised their hands to the ceiling.

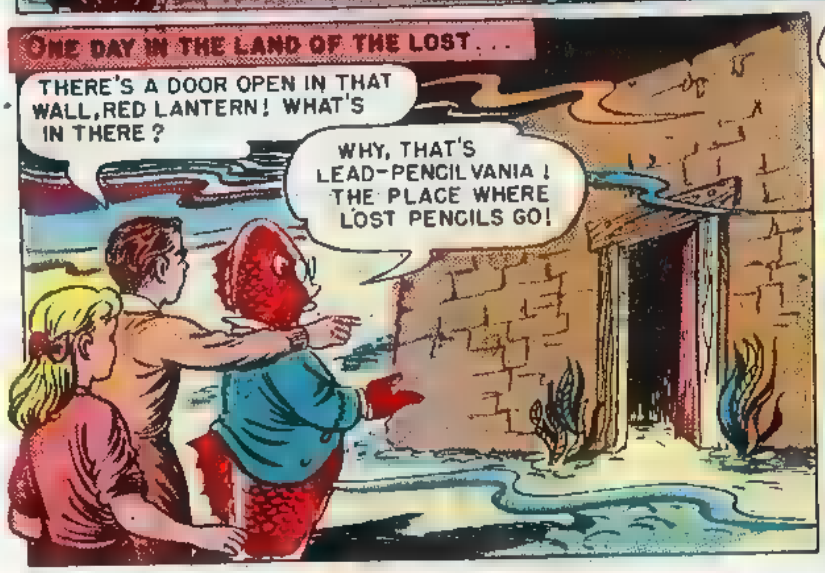
"I just stopped by and gave these boys an invitation to come up to your apartment," Pete explained, as the Policemen handcuffed the actors and shoved them out through the door. "I hope you don't mind!"

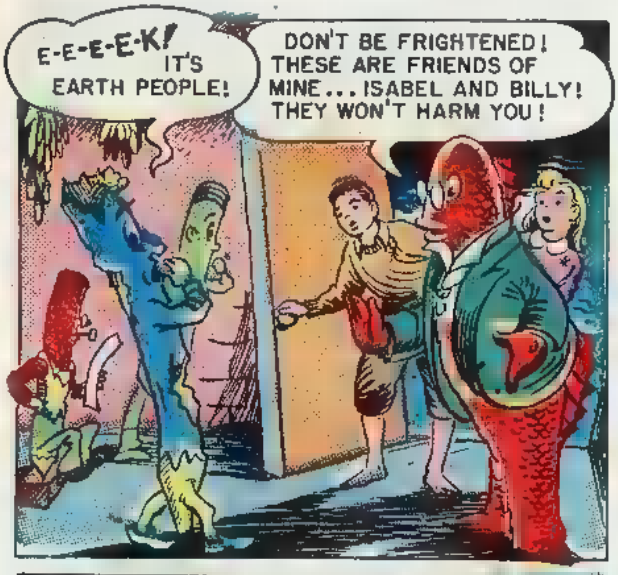
THE END

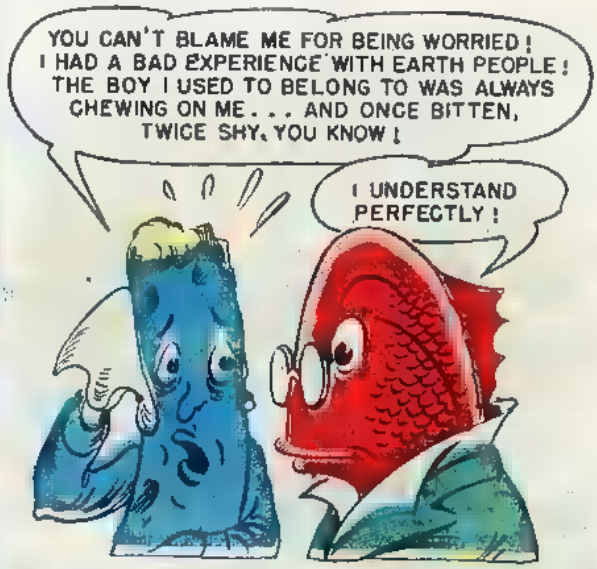
Land of the Lost

WHERE DO ALL THE LOST PENCILS GO? TO A CERTAIN PLACE IN THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA---THE LAND OF THE LOST! THE PLACE IS KNOWN AS "PENCILVANIA" AND THERE ISABEL AND BILLY FIND ALL SORTS OF PENCILS---NEW ONES, CHEWED ONES, AUTOMATIC ONES---EVEN PENCIL CLIPS AND A RULER!

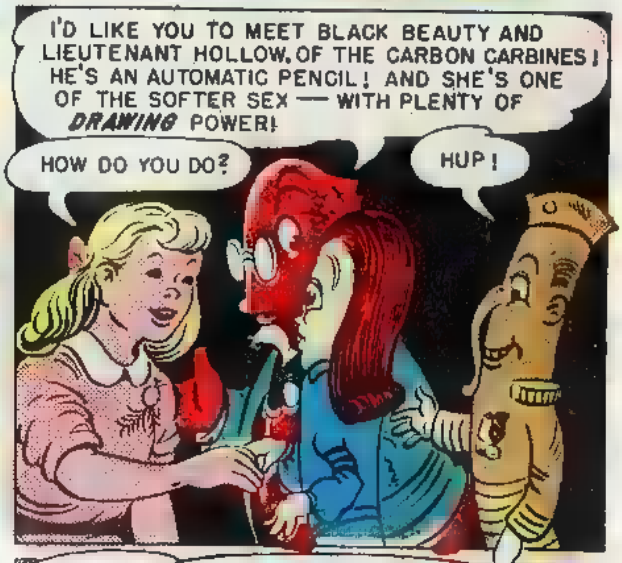
BUT THEY FIND A LOT OF TROUBLE AS WELL, WHEN THEY RUN INTO THAT VILLAINOUS CREW. "The PENCILVANIA PIRATES"!

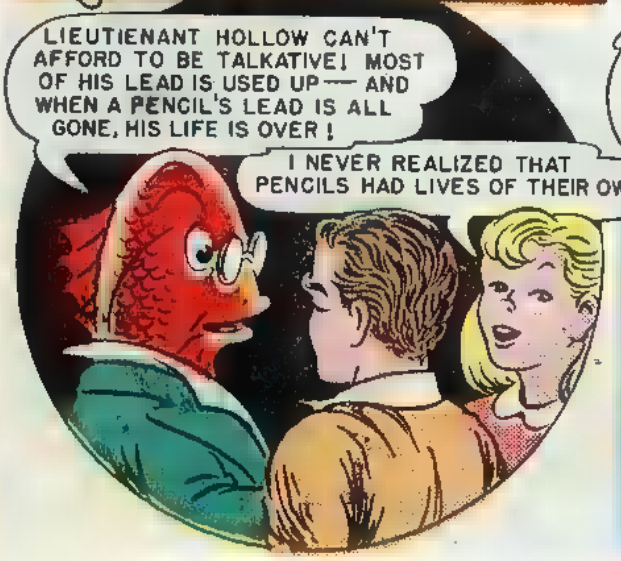



E-E-E-E-K! IT'S EARTH PEOPLE!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! THESE ARE FRIENDS OF MINE... ISABEL AND BILLY! THEY WON'T HARM YOU!


YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR BEING WORRIED! I HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE WITH EARTH PEOPLE! THE BOY I USED TO BELONG TO WAS ALWAYS CHEWING ON ME... AND ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY, YOU KNOW!
I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY!

SAY, RED LANTERN, WHO ARE THOSE PENCILS OVER THERE?

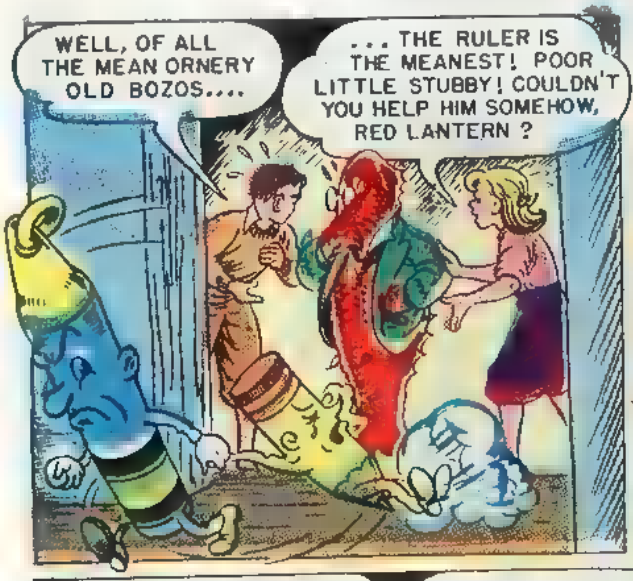

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET BLACK BEAUTY AND LIEUTENANT HOLLOW, OF THE CARBON CARBINES! HE'S AN AUTOMATIC PENCIL! AND SHE'S ONE OF THE SOFTER SEX — WITH PLENTY OF DRAWING POWER!
HOW DO YOU DO?
HUP!

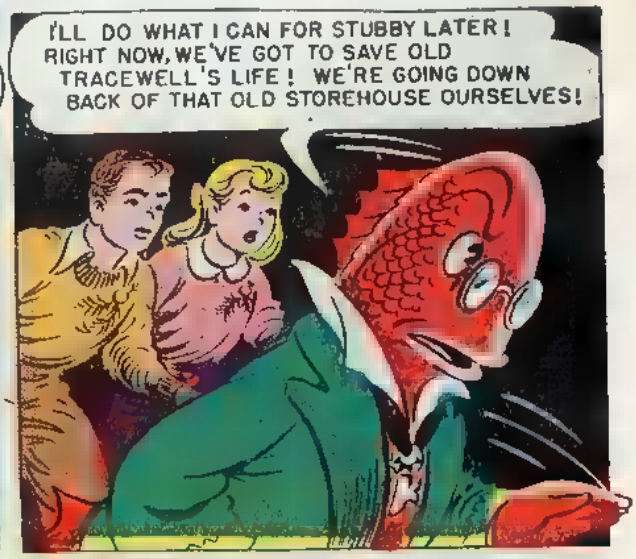

LIEUTIENANT HOLLOW CAN'T AFFORD TO BE TALKATIVE! MOST OF HIS LEAD IS USED UP — AND WHEN A PENCIL'S LEAD IS ALL GONE, HIS LIFE IS OVER!
I NEVER REALIZED THAT PENCILS HAD LIVES OF THEIR OWN!

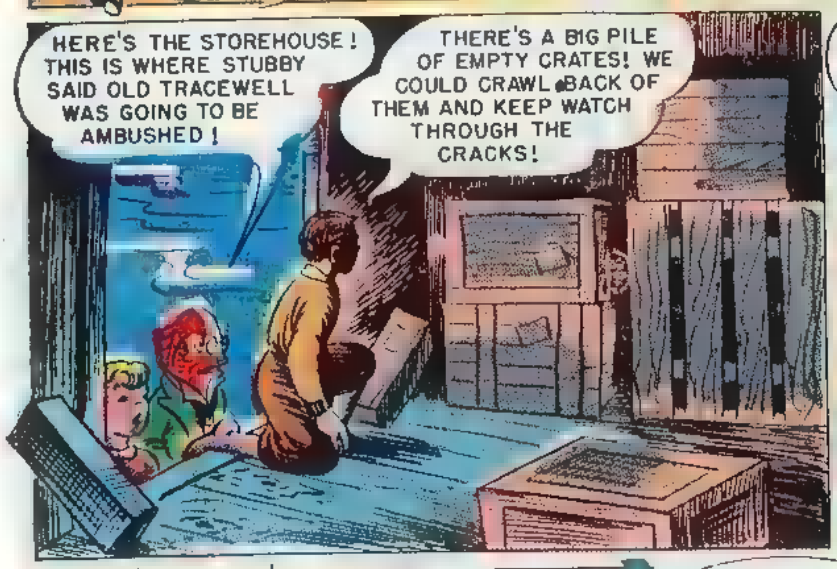
WELL, IT'S HIGH TIME YOU FOUND OUT! BACK ON EARTH WE ALWAYS HAD TO PUT DOWN WHAT YOU EARTH PEOPLE WANTED TO SAY... BUT HERE WE CAN DO WHAT WE LIKE, AS LONG AS OUR LEAD LASTS!
2

WE MAY BE LEAD, BUT WE'RE LIGHT AS A FEATHER-O WHEN WE PENCILS DANCE! TAP, TAP-A-TAP, KEEPING TIME ALL TOGETHER-O CURTSEY AND ADVANCE!
SEE WHAT FIGURES WE ARE TRACING WATCH THOSE BOLD ERASERS RACING SWING YOUR PARTNER LEFT, AND WRITE YOUR NAME---AND BOW!
AREN'T THEY CUTE? ...OH, LOOK AT THE FAT LITTLE YELLOW PENCIL RUN!
I GOTTA SEE THE RULER RIGHT AWAY! I-I THINK I'VE GOT A CLUE TO THE MURDERS!
MURDERS? FAN MY FINS, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? IN THE PAST FEW DAYS, ELEVEN OF OUR LONGEST AND STRONGEST CITIZENS HAVE HAD THEIR LIFE-LEAD EXTRACTED BY SOME MYSTERIOUS CRIMINAL!
WE FOUND THEIR CORPSES TOSSED INTO WASTE BASKET GULLY---NOTHING BUT (GULP) DEADWOOD!
GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC! THIS IS SHOCKING!
THAT'S WHY I GOTTA GET TO THE RULER IN A HURRY!
QUITE RIGHT, STUBBY! WE'LL GO WITH YOU! THESE CRIMES SHOULD HAVE BEEN REPORTED TO KING FIND-ALL LONG AGO!
THERE'S THE RULER'S CASTLE! THOSE CRAYONS STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE ARE HIS COLOR-GUARD!
3

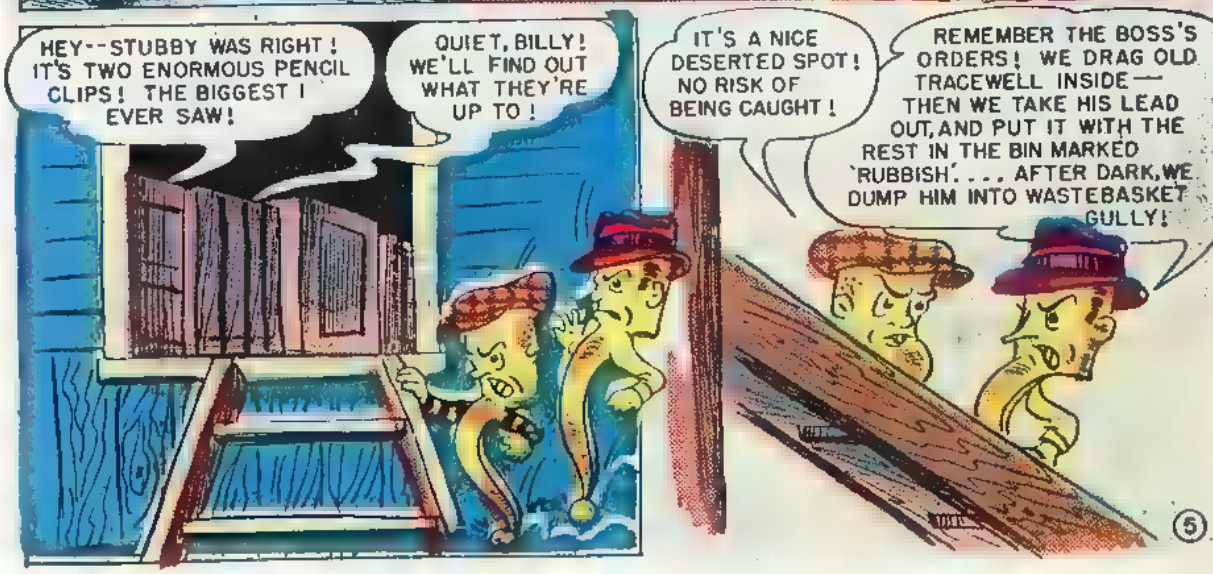
AND THERE'S THE RULER OF PENCILVANIA!
BOY HE'S A STIFF LOOKING GUY! AND NO WONDER! HE HAS A STEEL EDGE!
OH, IT'S YOU, STUBBY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING? WRITING ON FENCES AGAIN?
NO, SIR! I-I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT CLUE TO THE MURDERS! YOU SEE, I WAS TAKING A NAP IN MY PENCIL BOX, WHEN I HEARD VOICES OUTSIDE, KINDA WHISPERING!
"THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT TRACEWELL, A PENCIL WHO'S A CLOSE FRIEND OF MINE..."
OLD TRACEWELL SHOULD BE GOOD FOR PLENTY OF LEAD! WHEN DO WE NAB HIM?
BEHIND THE STOREHOUSE, AT SIX BELLS! WON'T TAKE US LONG TO GET THE LEAD OUTA HIM!
THE BIG BOSS WILL BE PLEASED!
I GOTTA WARN THE RULER! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
PENCILS
... AND SO I RAN HERE AS FAST AS I COULD RUN!
YOU NINCOMPOINT! YOU CALL THAT A CLUE? MY OFFICE IS FOLLOWING UP A DOZEN BETTER CLUES! AS THE RULER HERE, I DON'T ALLOW ANY MARGIN FOR ERROR!
AND YOU HAVE COMMITTED THE BLACKEST OFFENSE A PENCIL CAN BE GUILTY OF... EAVESDROPPING! I SENTENCE YOU TO THE LEDGER CELL, WHERE YOU'LL WRITE "I AM AN EAVESDROPPER" 1000 TIMES!
BUT—BUT THAT'LL WEAR ME RIGHT DOWN TO THE NUB!
4

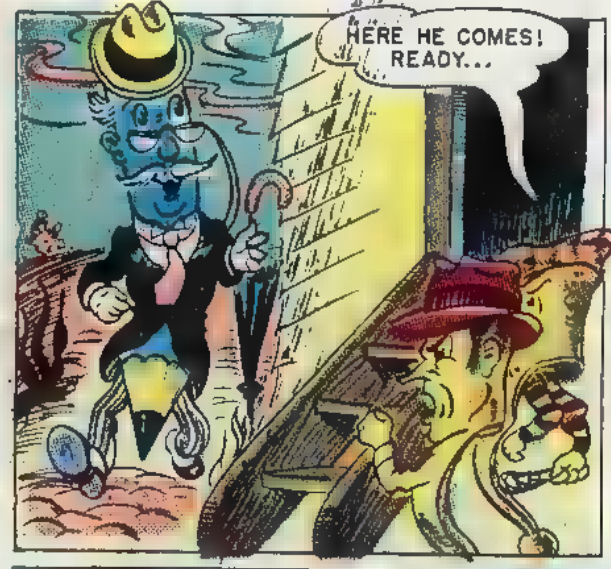

WELL, OF ALL THE MEAN ORNERY OLD BOZOS....
... THE RULER IS THE MEANEST! POOR LITTLE STUBBY! COULDN'T YOU HELP HIM SOMEHOW, RED LANTERN ?

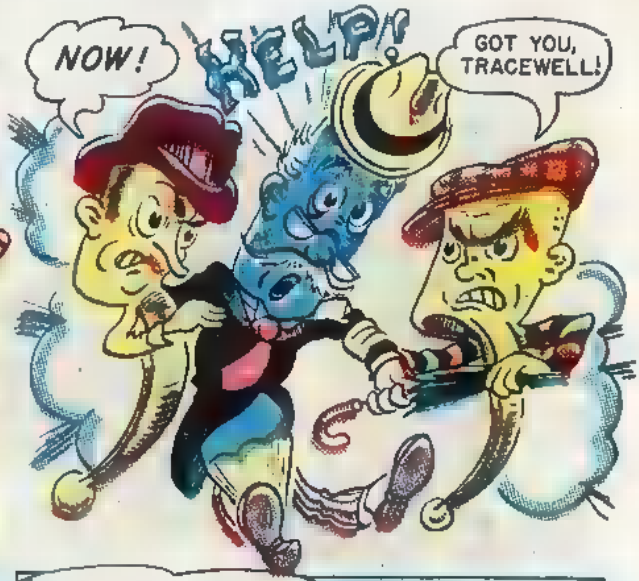

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN FOR STUBBY LATER! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OLD TRACEWELL'S LIFE! WE'RE GOING DOWN BACK OF THAT OLD STOREHOUSE OURSELVES!

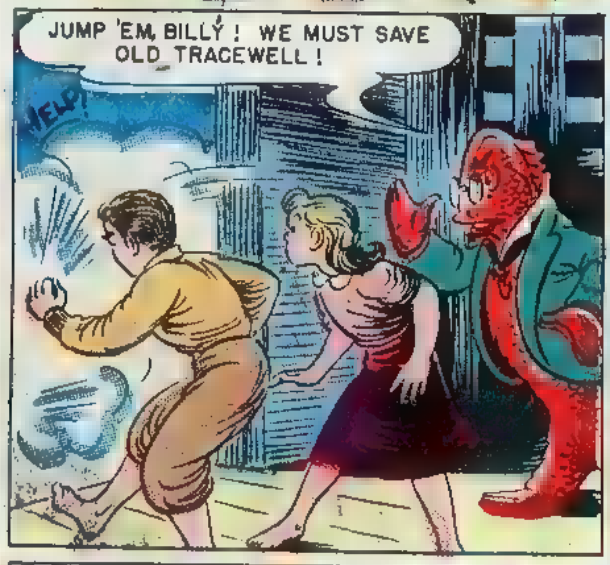

HERE'S THE STOREHOUSE! THIS IS WHERE STUBBY SAID OLD TRACEWELL WAS GOING TO BE AMBUSHED!
THERE'S A BIG PILE OF EMPTY CRATES! WE COULD CRAWL BACK OF THEM AND KEEP WATCH THROUGH THE CRACKS!

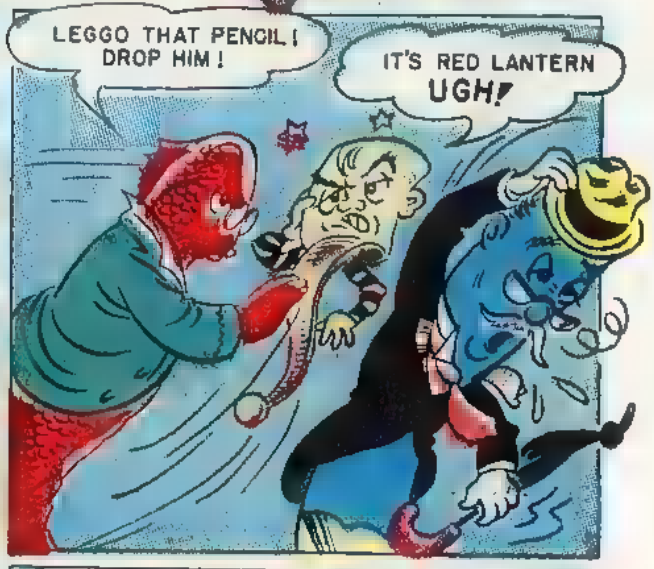
NICE NAVIGATING, POLLYWOGS! ...AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON! SOMEONE'S COMING!

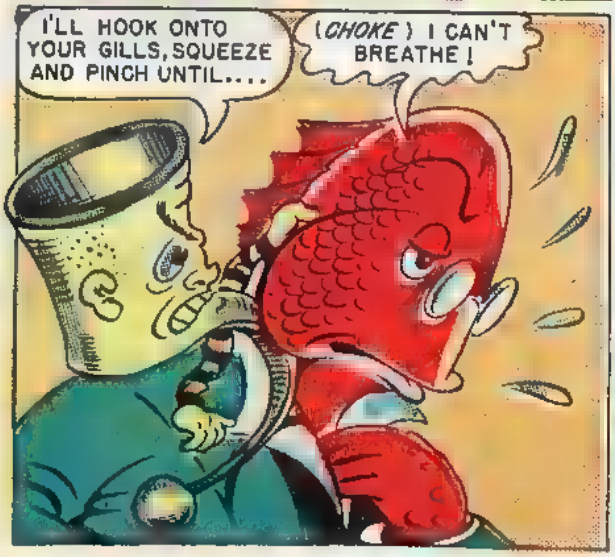

HEY--STUBBY WAS RIGHT! IT'S TWO ENORMOUS PENCIL CLIPS! THE BIGGEST I EVER SAW!
QUIET, BILLY! WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
IT'S A NICE DESERTED SPOT! NO RISK OF BEING CAUGHT!
REMEMBER THE BOSS'S ORDERS! WE DRAG OLD TRACEWELL INSIDE— THEN WE TAKE HIS LEAD OUT, AND PUT IT WITH THE REST IN THE BIN MARKED 'RUBBISH'. . . . AFTER DARK, WE DUMP HIM INTO WASTEBASKET GULLY!

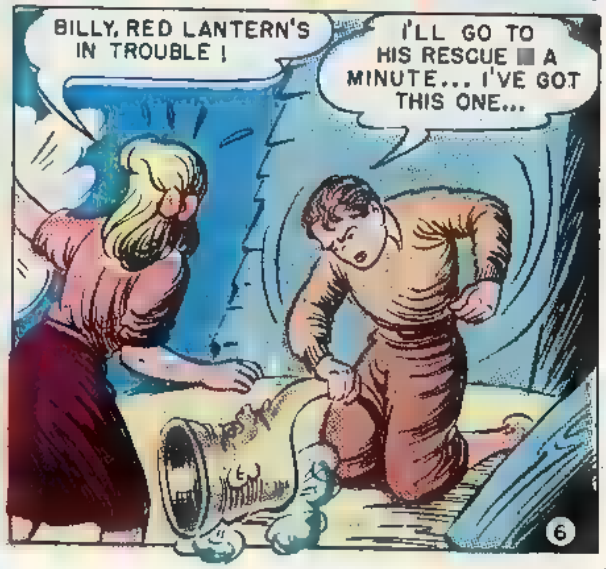

HERE HE COMES! READY...

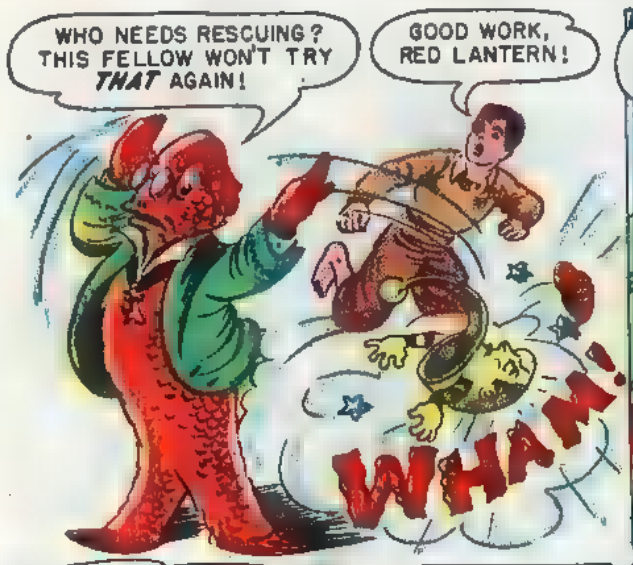

NOW!
HELP!
GOT YOU, TRACEWELL!

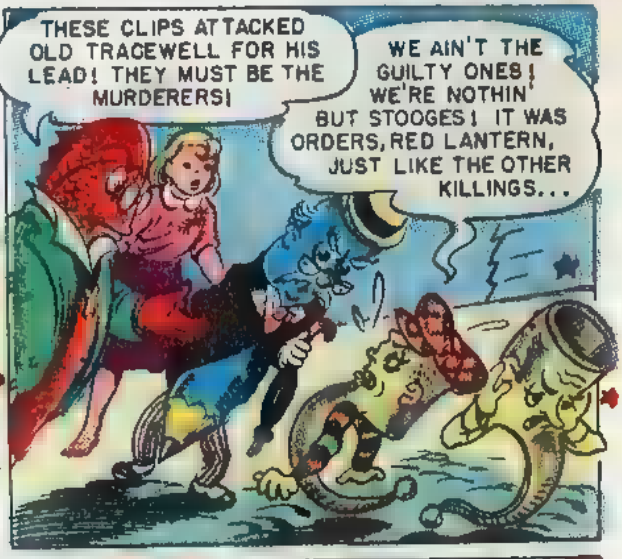

JUMP 'EM, BILLY! WE MUST SAVE OLD TRACEWELL!
HELP!

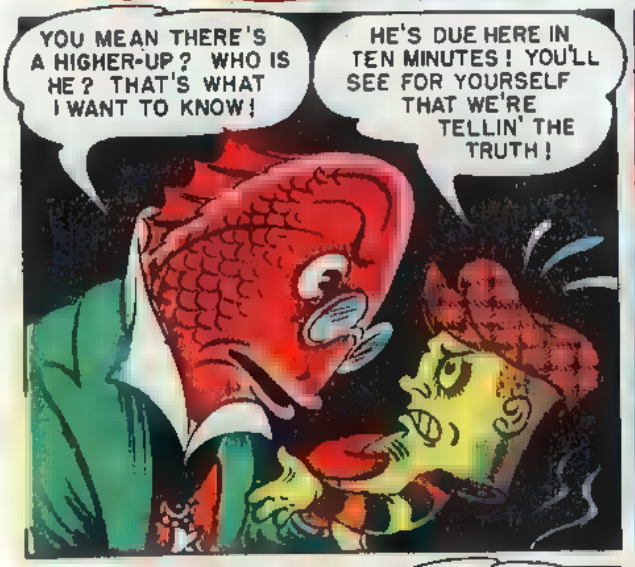

LEGGO THAT PENCIL! DROP HIM!
IT'S RED LANTERN UGH!

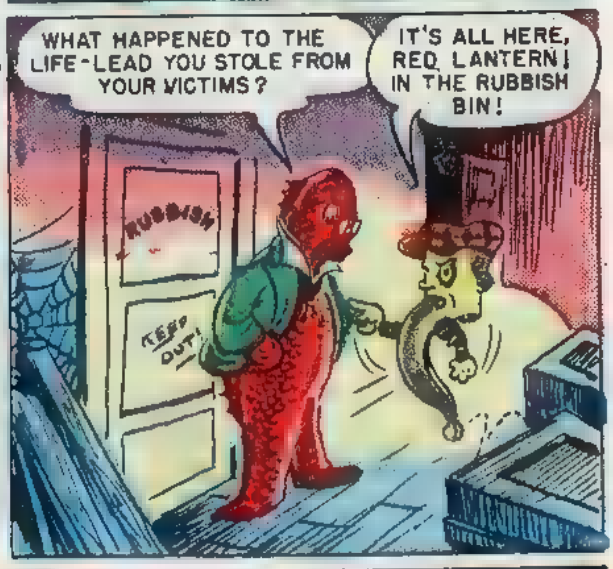

I'LL HOOK ONTO YOUR GILLS, SQUEEZE AND PINCH UNTIL....
(CHOKE) I CAN'T BREATHE!

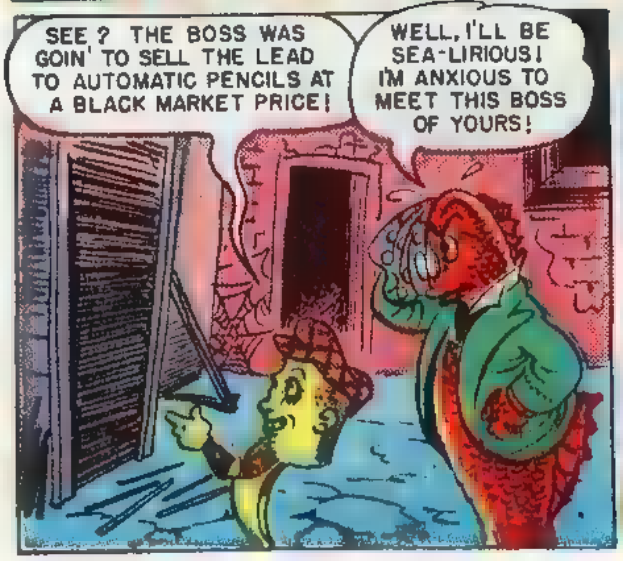

BILLY, RED LANTERN'S IN TROUBLE!
I'LL GO TO HIS RESCUE A MINUTE... I'VE GOT THIS ONE...

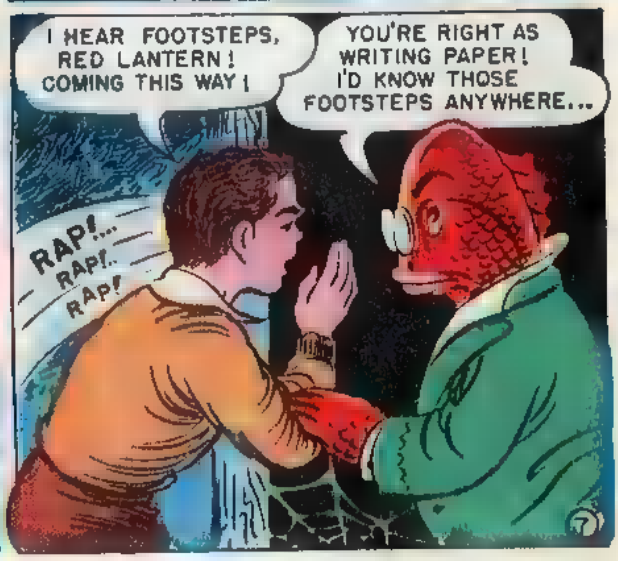

WHO NEEDS RESCUING? THIS FELLOW WON'T TRY *THAT* AGAIN!
GOOD WORK, RED LANTERN!
WHAM!

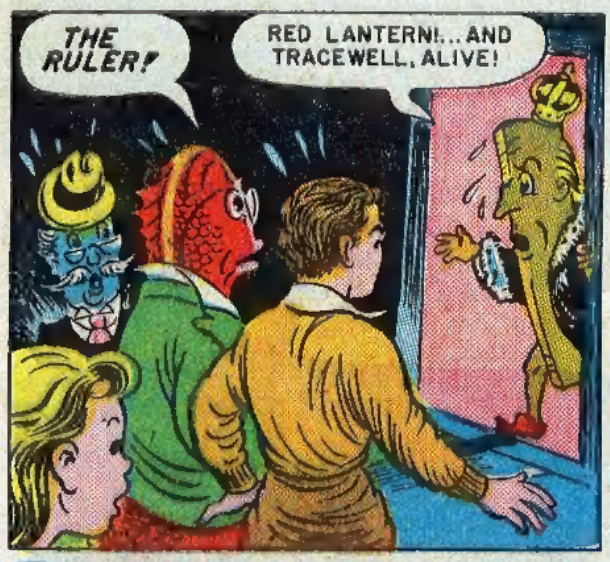

THESE CLIPS ATTACKED OLD TRACEWELL FOR HIS LEAD! THEY MUST BE THE MURDERERS!
WE AIN'T THE GUILTY ONES! WE'RE NOTHIN' BUT STOOGES! IT WAS ORDERS, RED LANTERN, JUST LIKE THE OTHER KILLINGS...

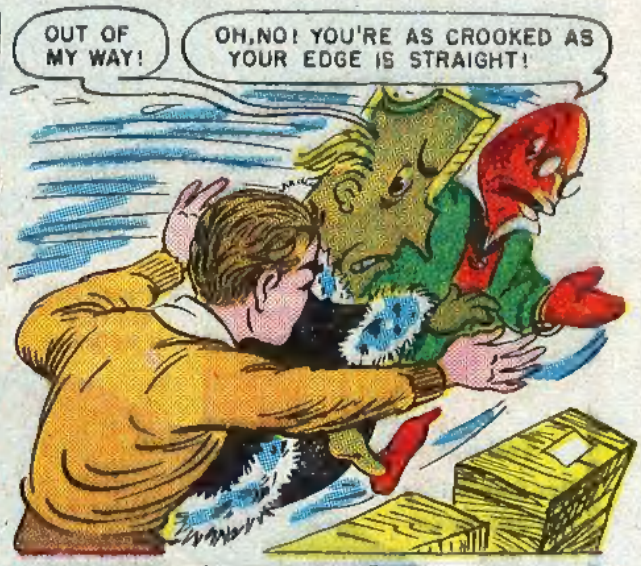

YOU MEAN THERE'S A HIGHER-UP? WHO IS HE? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!
HE'S DUE HERE IN TEN MINUTES! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT WE'RE TELLIN' THE TRUTH!


WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIFE-LEAD YOU STOLE FROM YOUR VICTIMS?
IT'S ALL HERE, RED LANTERN! IN THE RUBBISH BIN!
RUBBISH
KEEP OUT!

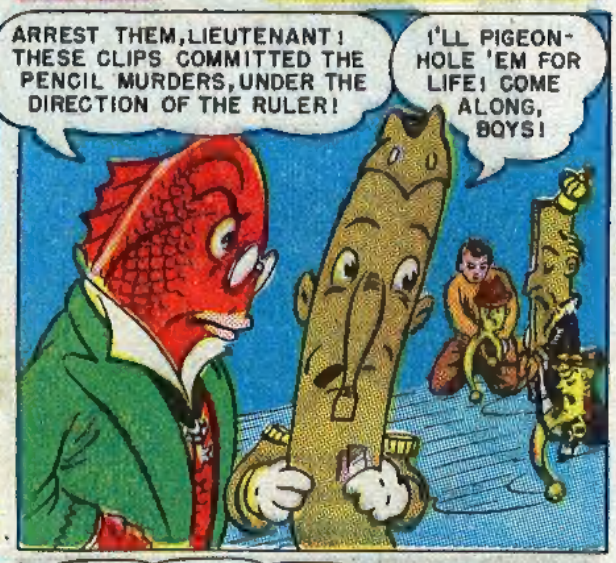

SEE? THE BOSS WAS GOIN' TO SELL THE LEAD TO AUTOMATIC PENCILS AT A BLACK MARKET PRICE!
WELL, I'LL BE SEA-LIRIOUS! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THIS BOSS OF YOURS!

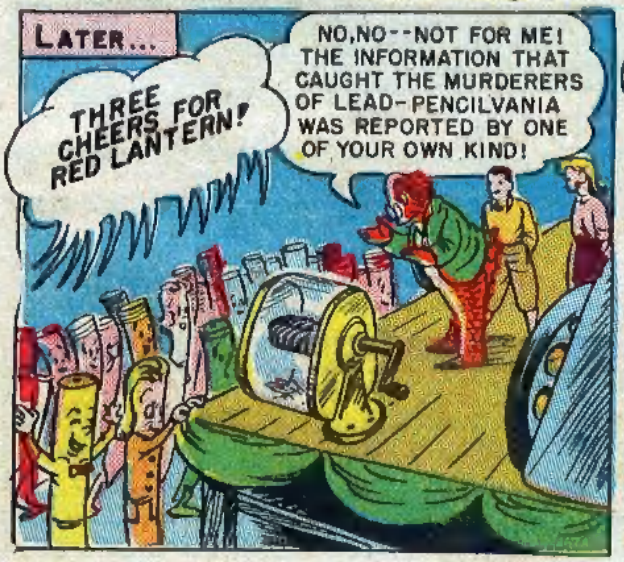

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, RED LANTERN! COMING THIS WAY!
YOU'RE RIGHT AS WRITING PAPER! I'D KNOW THOSE FOOTSTEPS ANYWHERE...
RAP!...
RAP!..
RAP!


THE RULER!
RED LANTERN!...AND TRACEWELL, ALIVE!


OUT OF MY WAY!
OH, NO! YOU'RE AS CROOKED AS YOUR EDGE IS STRAIGHT!

YOU'LL GET THE RAP FOR THIS, RULER-- FROM KING FIND-ALL HIMSELF! HERE'S LIEUTENANT HOLLOW, JUST IN TIME TO TAKE YOU INTO CUSTODY!


ARREST THEM, LIEUTENANT! THESE CLIPS COMMITTED THE PENCIL MURDERS, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE RULER!
I'LL PIGEON-HOLE 'EM FOR LIFE! COME ALONG, BOYS!


LATER...
THREE CHEERS FOR RED LANTERN!
NO, NO--NOT FOR ME! THE INFORMATION THAT CAUGHT THE MURDERERS OF LEAD-PENCILVANIA WAS REPORTED BY ONE OF YOUR OWN KIND!

I'M REFERRING TO THIS STALWART LITTLE CITIZEN-- STUBBY! I MOVE THAT HIS NAME BE WRITTEN INDELIBLY ON THE GREAT TABLET OF HONOR!
AW, GEE, FELLOW PENCILS, IT WASN'T NOTHIN'...
HURRAH! HURRAH FOR STUBBY!

The Greatest BALL-POINT PEN and BILLFOLD BARGAIN in America!

You Get them BOTH for $1.98 Only PEN and BILLFOLD

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate

ENGRAVED With YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only $1.98. The pen alone has been selling for more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

SENSATIONAL FEATURES!

THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts Ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Refill cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 5 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent selling of your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NO DEMURRAGE! NO MONEY!— To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2618
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____ (Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing $2.18 ($1.98 plus 20¢ Fed. Tax.) Please ship my order all postage charges prepaid.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER _____

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JUNIOR SCIENTIST SET $3.95

The Miracle Of The Ages!!!

A complete Scientific Outfit for the budding Faraday or Edison, which includes a Real MICROSCOPE, 4 tubes of chemicals, test tube, glass slides, and enough laboratory equipment to excite any inquisitive mind. Instructions help the beginner on the road to countless experiments. We pay postage on prepaid orders, or C.O.D. plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

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A real optical instrument, scientifically designed and expertly constructed of sturdy aluminum and polished plastic. Has powerful lenses that bring distant objects closer with amazing clarity. Extra wide field of vision. Water, dust, and moisture-proof. Take it to the circus, camp or theatre for real "close-up" views. We pay postage on prepaid orders or COD plus postage and charges. Money back guarantee.

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PERFECT FOR INDOORS

IDEAL FOR OUTDOORS

Nothing else to buy! Especially made for the ACTIVE CHILD from 6-10 yrs. of age. Includes a 6½" BASKETBALL with Tuck-in Stem Bladder, 12" Metal BASKET with overdoor bracket, and MESH BASKETBALL NET.

Can be easily attached to your door, wall, trees, post, etc. We pay postage on prepaid orders, or C.O.D. plus postage and charges.

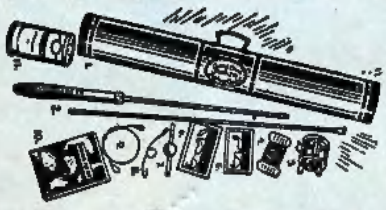
HUNTERS! SCOUTS! GUIDES!

The perfect HUNTING KNIFE. Fine steel blade expertly tempered, polished and sharpened to razor keenness. Leather handle for firm grip. Complete with sturdy, riveted leather sheath, only $2.95.

A FISHERMAN'S DREAM

Compactly built FISHERMAN'S KNIFE-complete with can opener and serrated back for scaling your biggest catch. Excellent for slicing, peeling, whittling, cutting, etc. This beauty has leather handle and comes in a leather sheath, for only $3.25. We pay postage on prepaid orders or COD plus postage and charges. Money back guarantee.

A REAL COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

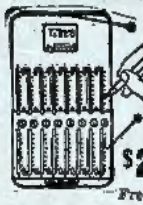


NOTHING ELSE TO BUY!! ONLY $3.95

- *Two-piece Oil Tempered 46" STEEL ROD
- *TyLine "Click" Reel
- *Snelled Hook
- *Sinkers
- *STEEL Fish Hooks
- *Nylon Fishing Line
- *2 ft. Gut Leader
- *Float
- *Bait Can
- *Metal Carrying Case
- *Instruction Book

We pay postage on prepaid orders, or C.O.D. plus postage & Charges. All for $3.95.

ARITHMETIC MADE EASY



Amazing palm-size adding machine does all figuring. Adds, Subtracts, Aids in Multiplication & Division up to $999,999,999. All steel, guaranteed 5 years, fits pocket. Millions in use all over the world. We pay postage on prepaid orders or COD plus postage & charges. Money back if not satisfied. Leatherette case 25c additional

$2.50

Free Trial

TOY SEWING MACHINE THAT REALLY SEWS.

Every girl wants this machine to sew dolls' wardrobe, bedding, play clothes, etc. Made of all metal, finished in bright red and white. Uses standard spool thread. Self-feeding, with adjustment for changing size of stitch. Will work effectively for years. Quantities are limited, so send your order today. This perfect gift will be sent to you postpaid on receipt of $3.95 or C.O.D., plus postage and charges.

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SEE MYSTERIES OF NATURE! HEY KIDS! An ALL ALUMINUM MICROSCOPE for only $1.98. Use it in school-at home-take it to camp. Solidly constructed-crackle finish. Magnifies 50 TIMES, easily adjusted. Cash orders prepaid, or C.O.D. plus postage & charges. Money Back Guarantee!!

TOY PRINTING PRESS $7.95

INCLUDES EVERYTHING NEEDED TO PRINT.

Just made for the intelligent boy who likes to put his spare time to good use. He can now print cards, notices, etc., for himself or for his friends while learning the rudiments of a respectable trade. Outfit includes metal type, wood spacers, printers ink, metal chase, rubber roller, & revolving ink disc. Prints forms up to 5½" X 2½". We pay postage on prepaid orders, or COD plus postage and charges. Money back guarantee.

TOY WASHING MACHINE $5.95

SAFE — EFFICIENT — REALLY CLEANS

Now every little girl can wash her own undies, doll's dresses, hankies, etc., side by side with Mother, on her very own Washing Machine. Makes fluffy, foamy suds and empties through the drain. Stands 12" high —7" wide. Made of steel for lifetime use. We pa postage on prepaid orders, or COD plus postage and COD charges.

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This marvelous little electric range can really cook vegetables, eggs, etc., or bake small cakes and pastries. Teaches the fundamentals of cooking and gives the youngster the opportunity to be a real Hostess at parties, teas and socials with her friends. Has new safety top with enclosed element, separate oven element, real switches, real oven thermometer, fully insulated. Underwriter approved for safety. Stands 11" high —13" wide. A toy cherished for a lifetime. We pay postage on prepaid orders. $1 deposit on COD orders plus postage and charges.

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MAY EVEN BE USED BY GROWN-UPS FOR LIGHT IRONING

Distinctively designed to give responsible children a toy electric iron just like Mothers' Irons doll's clothes, hankies, etc., safely and easily with real current. Safety element in full control of heat at all times, with Underwriter-Approved cord. Send $2.95 and we pay postage or COD plus postage and charges. Money Back Guarantee.

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☐ Ship postpaid—Enclosed find $_____

☐ Ship COD—I will pay postage & charges

Send the following at once:

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	____Toy Electric Iron @ $2.95

NAME_____

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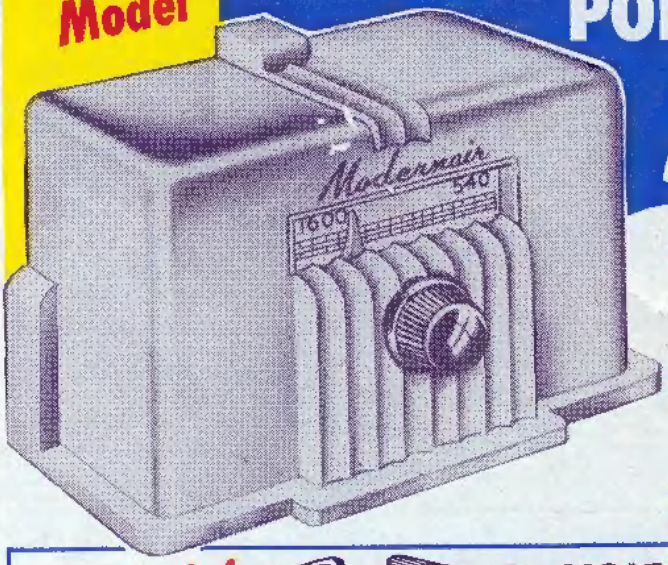
1948 Model

Never Before At Such An Amazing Low Price!

PORTABLE *Modernair* RADIO



★ Long Life BATTERY OPERATION

★ Powerful VACUUM TUBE RECEPTION

Not A Toy But A Real Radio For Only

$6.95 Complete with EARPHONE and HEADPIECE

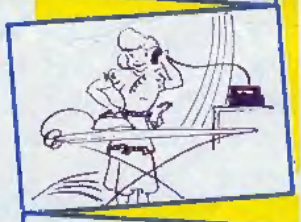
★ Costs less than 1c per hour to operate!

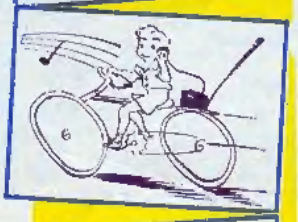
Included AT NO EXTRA COST

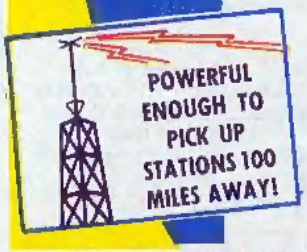
1½ VOLT "A" BATTERY approximately 24 hours of playing life

22½ VOLT "B" BATTERY approximately 200 hours of playing life

USE IT ANYWHERE







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CHECK THESE ULTRA-MODERN FEATURES:

- ★ Streamlined Ivory Plastic Cabinet.
- ★ Highly-Selective Tuning Dial.
- ★ Picks Up Stations Within 100 Mile Radius.
- ★ Off-and-On Switch With Silver-Plated Points.
- ★ Private Earphone Prevents Disturbing Others.
- ★ Powerful HI-MU 114 Pentode Receiving Tube.
- ★ Two Long-Life Midget Batteries.
- ★ Patented Compression-Type Condenser.

FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio is thoroughly checked and tested at the factory, and is fully guaranteed against defective workmanship and material.

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You Risk Nothing! Merely clip this ad and mail it today. Then pay postman only $6.95 plus postage on delivery. Or if you prefer, send cash, and we'll pay postage. We guarantee perfect reception if used as directed. Order yours TODAY.

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